WEEK ENDING APRIL 25 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Spring Fever

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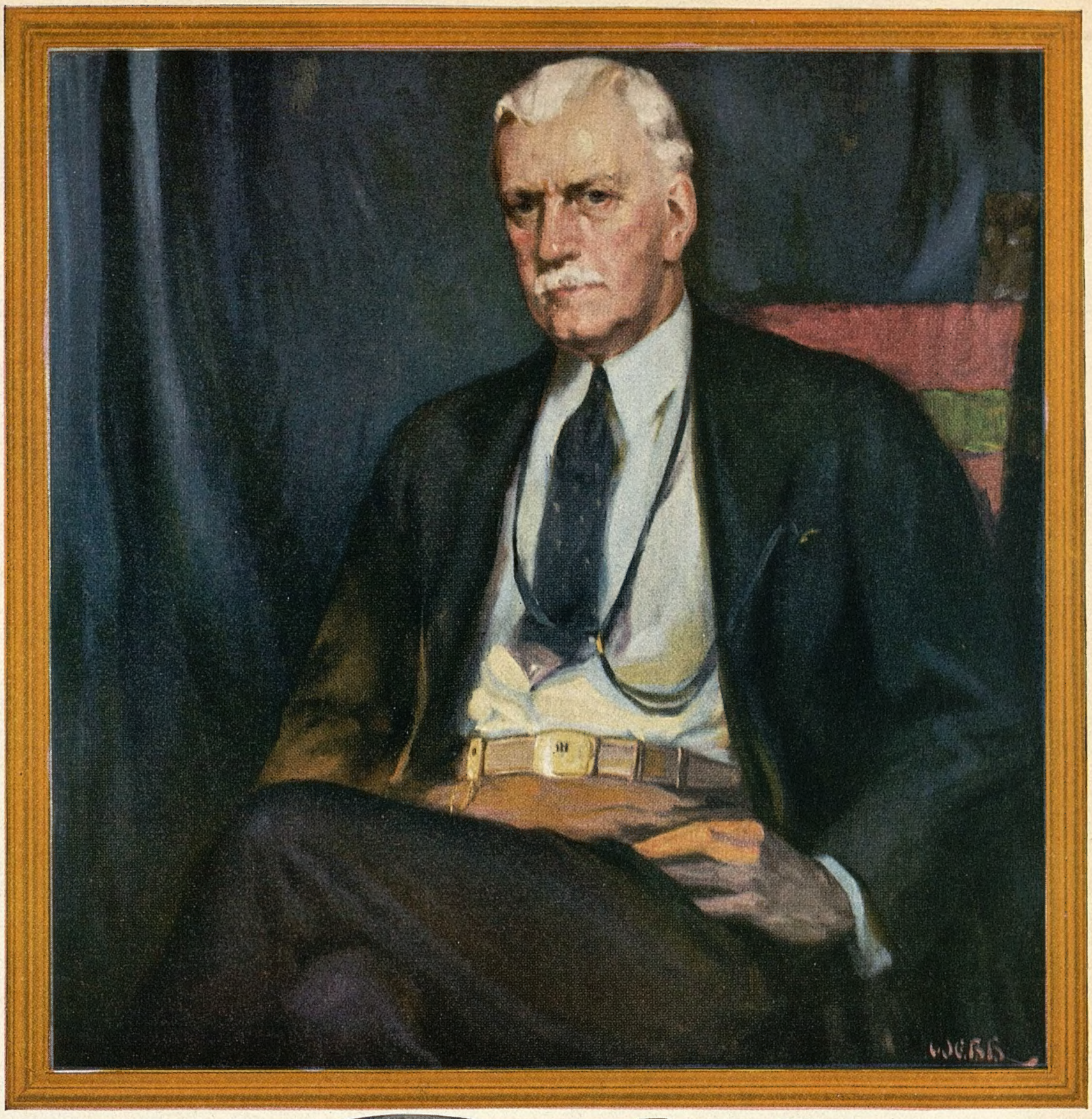

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APRIL 25, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1
NO. 51

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TOLERANCE

The visitor in Rome sees the Pantheon. The guide tells him that the great metal doors now there were the doors of the Roman Senate. There Cicero may have rested his hand and there Seneca touched his elbow, and the toga of Cæsar may have swished against the edge.

The visitor in London sees Trafalgar Square and the monument of Nelson, a builder of the British Empire. He was the keeper of its sea power. A short distance from Trafalgar Square, down toward the Thames, is Westminster, the abbey built by the Saxon king, Edward the Confessor, shortly before the Normans under William came over to defeat Harold at Hastings.

When an Englishman wants to say publicly that he thinks the government of Great Britain is the most decadent, rotten thing that human nature ever produced he may go to Trafalgar Square, if he is the sort of Englishman who wants to do that, climb up alongside the imperial lions that guard Nelson, the empire builder, and say just what he wants to say.

Some people make a habit of listening to these things, but if they started a disorder because the orator said George V. was a ninny a helmeted London policeman would step in advising them to go on home now and have their tea.

If it happens to be the hour when the pub is open they may go there and ask the barmaid for "bitter," which is ale. Their opinion and habits are their own. If they start a fight in the street the policeman again is there. Great Britain is the second great empire of rulers the world has known. Tolerance is its basis. The Englishman may have his tell. The East Indian may eat his opium.

The Pantheon of old Rome was the temple of all the gods. The Roman proconsul or legatus in distant provinces, at the head of a legion or of three or four legions, maintained order. The procurator gathered taxes. That done, order maintained, taxes collected, the people lived as they pleased. They worshiped the sun or the moon, Isis, Osiris or Mithras, Jehovah or Baal. It was all one to Roman tolerance.

There were no heresies of belief or opinion, habit or custom. There was no restraint or oppression of them. The Pax Romana was complete freedom of the mind. The proconsul of Judea looked at Christ and found him blameless, but allowed the Jews to have their customs. Nero was a cruel persecutor of Christians, but even he regarded them not as religionists but as enemies of the state, which was strong when tolerant and intolerant when weak.

When the distant subjects of the empire came to Rome they found that the tolerant, politic rulers of the world had provided in the Pantheon a shrine at which every belief could worship, the Egyptian to his gods, the Persian to his, and the Scythian to his.

The Englishman's house is his castle. The great temple of Rome was to every god. These are the two great empires. Tolerance was their strength.

The next great empire may be that of the United States if we do not forget the rule of the other two, that tolerance is the gift of the strong and intolerance is the vice of the weak.

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Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Middle-Class, Middle-West Me!

EDNA FERBER

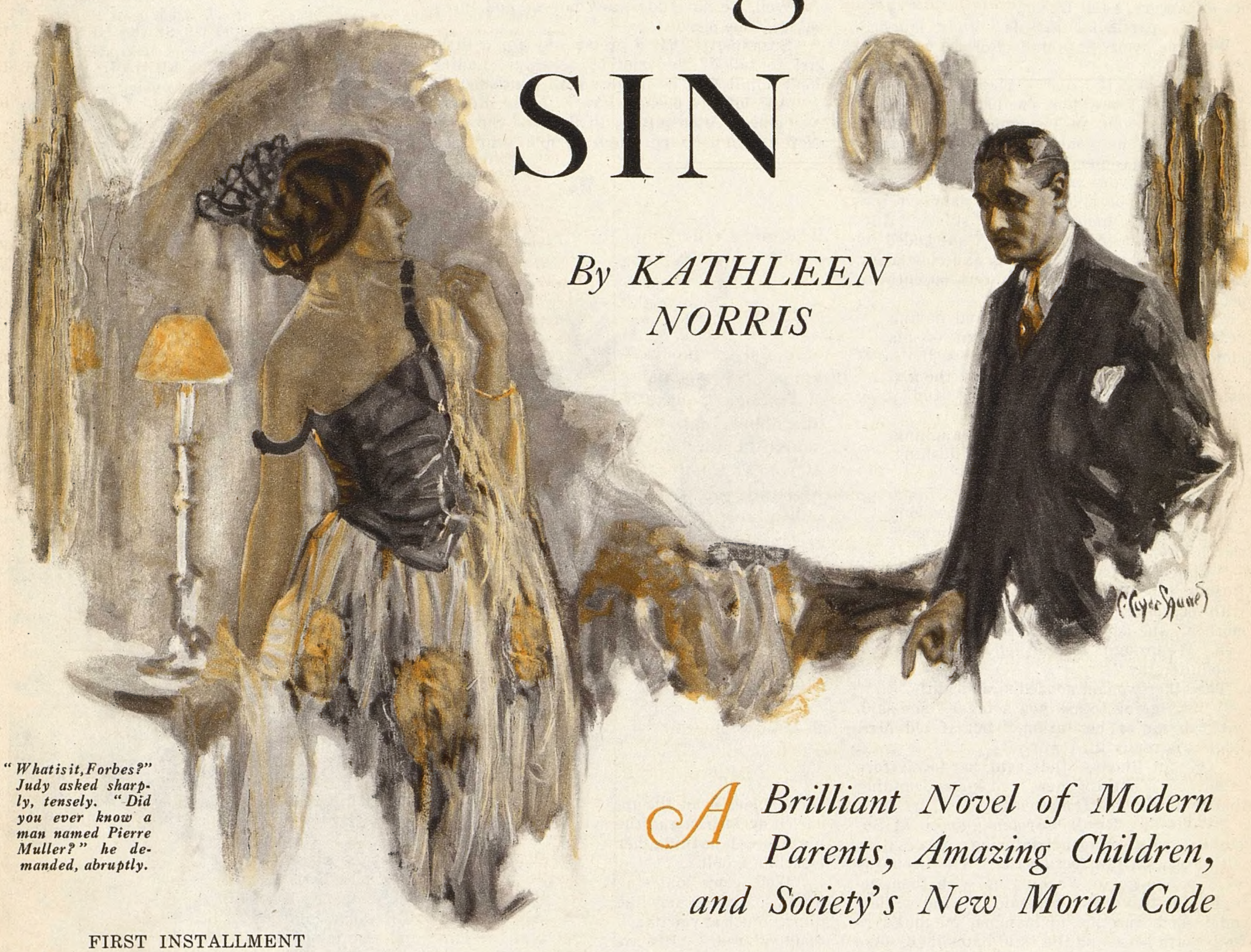
EDNA FERBER thinks perhaps a Bad Fairy came sneaking in when she was born, tapped her with a magic wand, and said: "Yours shall be the commonplace middle-class name of Edna. All your life you shall be cursed with the inability to be dazzled by the romantic rich or thrilled by the picturesque poor." In next week's Liberty she tells about it—how, and why, a tough young garage mechanic on his afternoon off has always fascinated her more than a Van Bibber on a polo pony; where she finds the characters, neither at the top nor the bottom of life, with which she peoples her novels. She discusses "that corn-fed, rich and ample organ known as the middle-western heart"—rather suspecting that she has one herself—and lures you into a persuasive and entertaining picture of "a town with a little human awkwardness in it," which is Chicago. It's a most diverting confession, by one who knows what she likes.

There's more about the West—the far West this time—in *E. C. Lincoln's* lively article, *Turn 'Em Out Wild,* in which he describes that most exciting of American institutions, the rodeo. *Kathleen Norris'* new novel, *The Unforgivable Sin,* mounts steadily in interest as it progresses, and *Arthur Sears Henning* reveals some things every American should know in *Our Pacific Problem*—something more on the question, *How Much Punch Have We in the Pacific,* which he considers in this issue.

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Unforgivable SIN

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



"Whatisit, Forbes?" Judy asked sharply, tensely. "Did you ever know a man named Pierre Muller?" he demanded, abruptly.

A Brilliant Novel of Modern Parents, Amazing Children, and Society's New Moral Code

Pictures by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

FIRST INSTALLMENT

WHEN Suzanne Carolan, nineteen years old, came home from a finishing six months in Paris and Rome under the personal supervision of Miss Tree of the Tree School in New York, her mother gave a large tea to celebrate the occasion.

This was in April, when the season was almost over, and was not exactly a formal affair, although all society was there. Suzanne would be introduced at a dance just before Christmas; meanwhile she was not yet quite "out," and the affairs she might enjoy were of the youngest set. But all her mother's friends, even the old ladies, came to this tea, to show how glad they were that Suzanne's education was complete.

Miss Tree's School had turned out Suzanne's mother twenty-five years ago, and all her friends and their mothers and aunts and cousins were "Tree girls."

Nowadays mustachioed old Miss Tree herself lived in Paris, and took the girls only for their last half-year, but the New York school was in good hands, and Suzanne had had her music, dancing, French, Italian, her concerts at Carnegie and lectures at the Town Hall in regular order; she had ridden in the park three times a week, and for two winters had sat on certain Friday nights in the Tree School box at the Metropolitan.

The Forbes Rogers were late for this tea, because beautiful Mrs. Rogers had waited for her husband, and Forbes had been detained. When they got to the Carolan house it was jammed with callers—late ones, like themselves, hurrying in, early ones straggling out. Maids were rummaging through heavy furs in the lower hall, beautiful women were going up and down the stairs, music was oddly audible in lulls of the loud chatter in the drawing rooms.

The spring day was languorous, snow was melting fast in the park, the house was scented with lilac and freesia lilies and violets, and all conversations began about the treacherous sudden change in the weather.

Judy Rogers, an exquisitely pale woman, with splendid dark eyes shining under a broad-brimmed tipped hat, kept her white-gloved fingers firmly upon her husband's as they worked their way upstairs and into the long room at whose bayed front window, against a bank of flowers, the debutante-to-be and her mother and some close friends were receiving.

Mrs. Carolan was superb, marcelled, rouged, stout and handsome at forty-three. Suzanne was like an exquisite gold lily beside her. The girl was small, her gold hair dressed in a curly bob, her hazel eyes wide open and far apart. She had an impudent little red mouth, and a short white nose just a hint tipped. Her skin was pure and clear, and softened by a suspicion of golden down.

She wore a canary-colored frock, just from Paris, and the essence of simplicity. It broke into petallike frills about her knees, it was cut square at her babyish neck. Standing beside her magnificent mother, laughing, extending her soft little hand, balancing a great mass of yellow roses on her left arm, Suzanne shone in the softly darkened room like a pool of light.

"Rhoda, she's perfectly lovely!" Judy Rogers said, smiling, to the proud mother. In answer Mrs. Carolan gave her daughter an indulgent smile that poorly veiled her delight in her, and Suzanne's grandmother, old lady

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Brock, enormous, jeweled, with short curled ostrich plumes in her rippled silver hair, bridled like a pouter pigeon.

"Ain't all the girls pretty, Mrs. Rogers?" old Mrs. Brock croaked complacently. "Like a lot of flowers, I tell Rhoda."

"*Your* particular girl is," Judy laughed. "Welcome home, Suzanne! Forbes, you know Suzanne?"

"I'm darned if I do," Forbes said boyishly. "Last time I saw her she had her teeth in gold bands, and she weighed two hundred pounds, and she wouldn't play kissing games at a Christmas party!"

"Oh, but you must have seen me since that terrible party!" Suzanne laughed joyously, coloring under her clear skin. "Anyway, I love kissing games now," she added innocently. "And I love spring, and New York, and being home again!" she went on enthusiastically.

"And being a young lady, and having beaux," Forbes, from the height of his almost forty years, could say amusedly.

"Ah, I don't know about that!" the girl said quickly, dimpling. "Is that—fun?" she added, with an upward glance.

"Sometimes," Forbes told her, laughing, a little surprised to find himself flushing, too.

"JUDY," said Mrs. Carolan, "how long are you to be in town? Did you leave the children out in the jungle?"

"Jungle! Our lovely farm!" Judy Rogers repeated indignantly. "No, they're with us, here in the town house. Forbes's mother," she added, in a lower tone, "isn't so well. We brought them in ten days ago, for an indefinite stay."

The other woman nodded significantly.

"I was going to ask you a favor," she said, with an air of hesitation, "but if old Mrs. Rogers is really ill, I won't."

"Oh, but Rhoda," Judy said, her lovely face eager, "it's nothing new, you know—nothing that will change. Do ask me!"

"Well——" Rhoda Carolan glanced at Suzanne, now deep in a bantering conversation with Forbes a few feet away. "The Leonards want me to go to Washington with them tonight, for two days," she said. "And while I could send Suzanne to mamma, mamma's so fussy with her—and the child hates it so. Are you and Forbes going to that party at the Carters tonight? It's for Janet Littleton, you know, and there's her big dance tomorrow night, and a dinner at the Pierces first. Suzanne here is dying to go to them both, but if I leave her with mamma——"

"You mean you might leave her with me, Rhoda?" Judy asked, delightedly. "Oh, *do!* We're going to the Carters tonight, we two are to play bridge with them while the youngsters dance, and, as it happens," Judy went on, brightening, "it's the most fortunate thing in the world, because Ellen's boy, Jim Saterlee, is to be down for Easter vacation from Yale, and the youngsters can play about together!"

"Judy, it would be a perfect godsend if you would!" Rhoda Carolan said, fervently.

"Why, we'd love it! Wouldn't we, Forbes?" Judy diverged, turning to him. Forbes, smiling all over his kind, simple face, had to shake himself free from the thrall of the gold-aureoled Suzanne before he could answer. Unusually tall and broad and serious, yet there was always something of the little boy in Forbes, and Judy could read his delight in Suzanne in the expression of his face.

"Why do you live up there in the backwoods, and never let anyone see you, now that I'm just beginning to fall in love with your husband?" Suzanne reproached Judy composedly. "What do you *do?*"

Judy laughed at her pretty impudence and audacity.

"Well, we have dogs, and horses, and three babies," she pleaded.

"Suzanne, is that a pretty way for a little girl to talk?" her mother asked. "Ladies don't admit they're in love with gentlemen!"

"Ah, but I've been in love with Mr. Rogers ever since I was quite a little girl," Suzanne protested in her turn, laughing up at Judy, the

curly golden head, the upcurled eyelashes, and the pink mouth making her look like a doll.

"Well, come and stay with us, and you may like him as much as you like!" Judy offered. "It's arranged, isn't it, Rhoda?"

Mrs. Carolan was not listening. Her eyes were fixed on Judy's hat with a strained, intent look.

"But Lucie got that on the other side," she commented, in a low tone, as if to herself.

"My hat?" Judy asked, laughing. "She said she copied it from one she saw on the boat."

"She's an absolute liar—Lucie," Mrs. Carolan murmured. "But I couldn't wear that style, anyway," she mused, "face too fat. It's your thin face, Judy. No, but about Suzanne," she resumed, more briskly. "Your mother's horribly ill, Forbes?"

A shadow came over his kind, round, simple face.

"But *that* wouldn't make any difference," Judy said, quickly, and Forbes looked relieved. "I've been telling your mother that we're to have Jim Saterlee, Ellen's boy, at the house all this week, Suzanne," she added, catching one of the girl's hands in hers. "We'd take good care of you."

"I'd love it," Suzanne said, in her soft, innocent voice. And she looked up with all a girl's shy admiration at the lovely Mrs. Rogers, who was so easily the most beautiful woman in the room. Judy's was the cream-skinned, colorless, ivory and ebony type always adored of schoolgirls, and her thirty years seemed an admirable height to Suzanne, at nineteen. "And of course Jim Saterlee's line is the wonder of the world!" the girl added simply.

"His what—she said his *what?*" Forbes muttered, laughing, and stooping his tall head to catch what she said.

"Don't attempt to translate their language. I gave that up years ago," Mrs. Carolan assured him superbly. The man's eyes met those of his wife in deep amusement. These little girls were delightful! But Forbes Rogers was not quick with speech, and he and Judy were rolling home through the park before he found words in which to express himself.

Judy, from her corner of the big limousine, looked at him affectionately as she drove along. There was something at once so restful and protecting, so simple and yet so adequate about Forbes. They had been married for eight years, yet Judy was still conscious sometimes

When they got to the Carolan house it was jammed with callers—late ones, like themselves, hurrying in, early ones straggling out. Beautiful women were going up and down the stairs, music was oddly audible in lulls of the loud chatter.

of surprise that their meeting, their caring for each other, had somehow come about.

She felt this sense of strangeness especially on such an occasion as this, when the contrast between her own old world, and Forbes's world, that sure and safe and confident world that included Miss Tree's School, was made unusually sharp. The differences between them were so many, and so fundamental, that to have seen the possibilities of a wife in so complete an outsider as herself always invested Forbes, in his wife's eyes, with an astonishing discernment.

These safe, happy, protected girls, she mused, what was the emotion they roused in her heart? It was not all pleasure that one felt, after an afternoon with them, an afternoon of perfect little frocks, trained little voices, flowerlike faces under the gold and brown and black bobbed heads.

Was it jealousy she felt? Judy bit her lip, staring out into the bare park, where the last of a languorous spring day was still soft and clear. Surely she, so extraordinarily fortunate, rolling home in the big limousine, wrapped in the loose silky furs, presently to enter the historic Rogers mansion, was not stooping to ugly jealousy of the little girls at Suzanne's tea?

But yes, that was the feeling. A feeling of pain, of resentment, that to some few babies, quite accidentally selected by right of birth and fortune, the way should be made so smooth. The pink and white nurseries, the great woolly bears, the little furred coats and mittened fingers, the distinguished appearances downstairs, at the tea table, the ponies and bathing beaches and Christmas trees! And then, later, the riding habits and dancing dresses, the concerts and operas and languages of the fashionable school, the visit to Europe, the considered introductions, and the triumphant presentation of the finished product; a presentation, Judy knew, that was to so compact, so inviolable a social group as to insure the preservation of the lucky little girl's position in that group forever!

The last sunshine was gone now, and the spring twilight was a luminous and clear blue. Against it the line of the trees lay like a band of brown gauze, soft lights were beginning to bloom between the branches in the Mall. To the south, the great hotels rose tier on tier against the deep soft sky, tiny blocks of golden light checkering their square masses. The car windows were open, and the air was fresh and restless and tender, scented with earth and lilac buds, hinting already of summer.

They paused; a weazen-faced little Italian girl was shepherding a group of youngsters across the footpath. Judy looked at her with a sober glance of compassion and understanding. Far nearer, her own experience, to that of this precocious, anxious child-mother than to that of any girl at the Tree School!

Judy knew, and remembered now with a little familiar contraction at her heart, to what a room this elder sister was taking the younger babies. She knew the smell of that room, a smell of food and clothes and staleness and unairedness, the tumbled garments and bedcoverings and dishes and cooking utensils that littered it, the dingy window that gave upon gray brick walls and fire-escapes. She knew how the baby would whine, and get his sore little nose wiped firmly with a bit of wet rag, and burst into bitter roars; she knew that such outer garments as would be removed at all would be strewn carelessly over the general disorder; she knew the shrill voices—the harsh voices—the crying baby voices.

And warm and safe in the luxury of the car that Willets was so carefully engineering down the broad avenue, she shuddered.

"COLD?" Forbes asked concernedly, one big glove instantly on the lowered window. Always kind, always thoughtful, Forbes.

"No, dear! It's heavenly—the air tonight. I was only thinking—thinking," Judy went on, as he continued to regard her earnestly and expectantly, "of those girls. How fortunate they are to be born as they are—started as they are! Why *should* one girl have that, and another girl nothing? Some girls are born Carolans, Rogers, Brocks, Le Bretons—step into it all without knowing that there ever was anything different. But *why?*"

"It *is* funny, when you come to think of it." Forbes conceded, with the innocent wide-eyed look he always wore when he felt surprise. His was one of those faces that often wore the look; Forbes's attitude toward life was not naturally an analytical one. Judy, the brilliant and beautiful wife whom he had married in Paris eight years ago, did much of his thinking for him, and loved him all the more admiringly because he entered so nicely into her plans, and accepted her judgments like a boy.

Perhaps the one independent bit of thinking Forbes had ever done had been in regard to the winning of her. He had seen her, a study in ivories and dusky shadows, sitting at the bedside of a dying soldier in war-ridden France. She had worn a nurse's uniform—she had hardly glanced at him, the soldier's friend. And something in the movement of her long, cool fingers, something in the quiet shift of her long, dark-blue eyes, with their hint of an oriental lift at the corners, something in the tones of that silver voice of hers, and its exquisitely easy French, had captivated him instantly, completely, irrevocably.

That his own exclusive and aristocratic group had approved his judgment, when he brought his wife home to New York a few years later, really meant little to Forbes, except in the pleasure it gave Judy to be accepted and liked. A part of his deliberate thinking, his boyish simplicity and inexactingness was that he was not especially sensitive to the opinions of others. He had felt for Judy Trezavant, sitting quietly beside little Dins-

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more Hyde, an emotion for which he had long been quite wistful; he had known instantly that at last he was in love.

And something in his certainty, his blundering yet persistent sureness of himself, had presently made Judy feel sure of him, too. He was handsome, in a simple, comfortable sort of way, to be sure, and he had the name of being more than ordinarily the rich American. But to Judy his name meant nothing socially or financially; he was merely Captain Rogers to her. All Americans in Paris are conceded to be millionaires, and she had had other admirers as handsome, and many with more of the *bel air*.

But suddenly she had come to love him, in spite of, or perhaps partly because of, his slowness of speech, his simplicity of ideals, his steady, serious pursuit of her. No duplicity could be hid behind the mask of this contented and kindly boy of thirty, whose fresh laugh broke out so pleasantly among the more sophisticated voices, and the fact of whose wealth he accepted as naturally as he did his breath.

IT was only when they had come home, after the armistice, and after heavenly weeks at Cannes and Biarritz and Taormina, that she realized that he had indeed been a rich American, rich in his own country as well as in Europe, and of an extremely important family wherever social items are printed and social standards maintained. No door had been open to little Judy Trezavant when she had left America, a child of twelve, with a dreamy, improvident, unsuccessful portrait painter—who was also her father and only relative—beside her. No door was closed to Judy, wife of Forbes Rogers, when, ten years later, she had come back.

So that she was one of the lucky ones. And the Rogers babies—there were three of them, Jack, Cyrus, and Mary Kate—would have every advantage that babies ever had had. The wandering, poverty-pressed years, the years of insufficient meals, improper meals, eaten at any place, at any time, in any company, were over. Mrs. Forbes Rogers was established superbly, beyond the reach of financial difficulty forevermore. But what about the other girls?

"There's something — lovely — about girls like that Suzanne!" Forbes said now, as they reached the imposing old mansion that had always been his mother's home and was temporarily theirs, and he accompanied her up the steps. "The innocence—the youngness and freshness! I think that's one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. She's going to make a wonderful woman!"

"There *is* something sweet about girls," Judy conceded, nodding to the butler and crossing the magnificent big lower hall to the lift. "It will be fun to have her when Jim's here. Anybody call, Bracken?" she asked the man who operated the lift.

"A man to see Mr. Rogers—he's waiting."

"Mrs. Rogers is alone?"

"Mrs. Turnbull came in at about half past

"Suzanne, is that a pretty way for a little girl to talk?" her mother asked. "Ladies don't admit they're in love with gentlemen!"

four, madam; left a few minutes ago. And the children were in to see her. Mrs. Rogers is alone."

"I'll go in." Judy was in the upper hall now, and piled her wraps and hat carelessly in the arms of the maid who met her there. She wore a plain gown of fringed black silk, and her smooth dark hair was bare, as she went into the splendid suite of her mother-in-law.

The elder Mrs. Rogers, sixty, heavy, gentle, was ending her life in these fine old rooms where she had come as a bride forty years ago. Nobody put it into words, least of all to her, but the intimates of the family no longer asked if she were better, and Forbes and Judy had closed their own home in Connecticut and had come into town to be with her constantly.

Tonight she was in an enormous chair, dressed in ballooning dark silk, with lace at her stout, soft old neck and at her fine, blue-veined wrists. Mary Kate Rogers, born Huntington, had had her own way since her very beginning, as an autocratic baby, in the year the Civil War ended. But she had met the enemy at last.

No money, no prestige, had been able to shut him out of this softly warm, softly scented big room, with its oil portraits and velvet hangings, its deep bed of coals asleep behind steel rods, its mirrors, its great bowls of flowers and beautifully bound books. Letters came and went, flowers, friends, doctors, gifts, servants. But Death waited steadily, patiently, undiscouraged. And his shadow fell across every cheering wish, every fresh prescription, every luxury-padded hour.

MRS. ROGERS was reading when Judy came in. But she pushed the book from her an inch, on the ingenious support that held it, and a trained nurse, eternally hovering, carried it and the stand away. Judy sank onto an ottoman by her knee and caught in her own firm, warm fingers the gentle, chilly older ones, and poured out the history of the afternoon.

"Really, it was lovely—everyone was there, two hundred, I suppose. The girls were perfectly delicious, little Harriet Dinsmore is just as smart as she can be, and everybody simply collapsed before Rhoda's Suzanne. You remember that yellow-headed child who used to skate so well—the one that was in the theatricals last year?"

"Big teeth," Mrs. Rogers supplied, interested.

"Well, they may have been once, but they're lovely now—bands off, of course, and a skin like a peach. Forbes was bowled over! She's just back from Italy—nice little manner, and such a little beauty, like a doll. And, by the way, if you don't mind, we may have her here for a day or two, Rhoda said something of it, if she herself goes to Washington. It would be amusing for Jim, she knows him!—and for Forbes and me, too. We don't know one thing about modern girls!"

"Well, that'd be lovely," the older woman said, approvingly. Like her son, she was not rapid in thought or speech, but she had a real sense of hospitality, and loved to have Judy suggest amusing and interesting little innovations in the stately life of the old house.

"You'll speak to Hutchinson, or somebody?" she asked, and Judy nodded carelessly. That part of it was simple, with a score of unused rooms in the big house. "Rhoda Carolan's mother was Minnie Brock, lived in that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT ADVERTISEMENT

Mr. Sanders FOLLOWS THROUGH

The fascinating story of a sick-bed inspiration that led a man back to health and to leadership in a big business enterprise.

BY C. H. WOODWARD

DOWN in Maine the name Sanders is as solidly fixed as the rugged rocks that line the coast from York to Eastport. For generations the name has been a synonym for success and enterprise. It is said that a Sanders follows through on everything. The present Mr. Sanders certainly proves it more ways than one.

Harry A. Sanders is the Mr. Sanders of the present—a man of character, affluence, and influence. He is politically and commercially prominent. At the capital in Augusta they call him by his first name—just as they do down around Moosehead where he lives.

The fact that Sanders, down and out physically in 1923, is alive today is a colorful story in itself, but only an incident in a greater romance that trails from consistent ill health to leadership in an uniquely human enterprise that is touching the lives of thousands far from the hemlocks and crystal waters of Moosehead. It is perhaps singular to many that he should become actively interested in the enterprise that lifted him out of bed, so to speak, but to those who are familiar with the Sanders traditions it was just another case of a Sanders following through.

He partly relinquished an old established, successful business to devote his time to this new service, which for the year 1924 totaled sales in excess of $150,000. For the year 1925 he has contracted to raise these sales to $400,000—all from a sick-bed start—the result of following through.

TWO short years ago Sanders was nearly hopelessly sick. Life to him was an intermittent thing. It was an unvarying cycle of work, worry, and sanitarium. No one seemed to know what ailed him. He didn't know himself. He was a notable success in everything except normal living.

Then something suddenly occurred that started him thinking—that gave *him* the initiative in determining what was wrong. It was a certain page advertisement printed in the June, 1923, issue of SUCCESS Magazine. As advertisements go, it was radical.

And Sanders read it—and followed through. It unfolded something entirely new to him. For the first time in his life he found himself seriously thinking about the relation of food to disease. This advertisement was chronicling the astounding fact that practically all our ill health is due to the denatured stuff we loosely call food; that disease is nothing but *altered* function—function altered by a *lack* of something.

The idea that "man is what he eats" had never occurred to Sanders. As he now says, "I never knew why I ate."

HIS thinking ability had been challenged. His idea of food had been the common idea—that it was anything we could order from the grocer, the butcher, or the menu. He never realized that precedent had given him the wrong definition of food. He had eaten without rhyme or reason. No wonder he was unhappily ill—diseased.

The advertisement introduced specifically to Sanders a natural food. *Whole Grain Wheat,* but more than that, it introduced a new standard, a new idea of eating. In reality the idea was as old as creation itself.

Whole Grain Wheat Co. urged him to eat other natural foods—to synchronize thinking and eating and to measure all food by the simple standard: "It is *not* food unless it is natural." Again Sanders followed through. His health gradually returned. When he saw the effect he went among his sick friends down in Maine. He had sipped the cup of ill health, but his appearance now told them he was tasting the joy of real living once again. These friends were eye witnesses to the transformation; Sanders had been obliged to take the word of an advertisement. Sanders had duplicated (unknowingly then) the experience of thousands of people all over the country.

Sanders purchased many cases of *Whole Grain Wheat,* giving them away. With every case he left the natural food story and the other story of denatured food and ill health—his own sad story. It was a Sanders following through. His friends came back to him for more. He kept on spreading the story to additional people. He called on both sick and well.

BEFORE he knew it he was engaged in a new business enterprise—a service, a *real service* to humanity. It was growing, always growing. It was reaching out beyond the borders of his home and county and state.

He had a son, Dave, out of Yale only a few years and hard at work in the financial center of New York. Dave, true to Sanders form, was making a success of things in the bond business. Aware of the astounding change in the condition of his father, Dave had grasped the vast significance of *Whole Grain Wheat* and the natural food idea. Would he relinquish his successful bond business and follow through on the enterprise his father had launched?

A sign over the door at 101 Water Street, New York, answers the question. That sign reads: "Sanders & Sanders, *Whole Grain Wheat Distributors.*" Behind that sign is a service and business, the sales of which have grown as enumerated at the opening of this narrative.

This story is typical of the growth of the natural food and *Whole Grain Wheat* idea in every section of the country. And yet the surface has not yet been scratched. *There is room for several thousand more distributors,* because everybody in the world is a prospect.

The opportunity that Sanders followed through is open to everybody everywhere. Well or sick, anybody can start just as Sanders did—working part or full time, in his own neighborhood or any territory not already assigned, subordinate to no one. First of all, however, read what, substantially, Sanders read in our SUCCESS advertisement less than two years ago. It is in substance what Sanders is saying to every person to whom he is introducing *Whole Grain Wheat.*

Whole Grain Wheat is nothing but natural wheat. It is prepared ready to eat by a process protected by the U. S. and Canadian governments. It is the first prepared and cooked food civilized man ever ate that has not been denatured in preparation and cooking. Demonstrating denatured food to be the chief cause of disease (as set forth in Sanders' experience), 75 human ailments have responded to the use of *Whole Grain Wheat, ranging* in severity from cancer to constipation! Why?

BECAUSE there are five fundamentals common to all life—*natural* air, *natural* water, *natural* exercise, *natural* sleep, and *natural* food. It is not merely air, water, exercise, sleep and food. Denatured air will not sustain life. Neither will denatured food. Civilized man has slipped into an unnatural environment, but the laws of nature still remain exactly as they were in the beginning. Life is identical in its requirements and functions with the first manifestation of it that existed on this planet. It will never be any different. We have only two choices—to obey or disobey, to live normally or to live diseased.

Whole Grain Wheat is never sold through stores. It comes ready to eat in 11 oz. tins, ample for four servings. It is sold only in one dozen or four dozen lots, because regular use is essential to results. The cost delivered is $2.00 per dozen, $7.60 for 4 dozen, east of Denver; $2.25 and $8.30 west of Denver.

We challenge any man or woman *(and this is the challenge Sanders read two years ago),* sick or well, to use *Whole Grain Wheat* twice a day for 24 days and not confess a distinct improvement mentally and physically. We'll go further and contract to return the price paid, without argument, if, after using a dozen tins on the basis of twice a day, the user has the slightest doubt of his or her mental and physical improvement. This is a guarantee to the world—to anybody anywhere.

If no *Whole Grain Wheat* distributor is listed in your telephone book send remittance to *General Offices, Whole Grain Wheat Co., 1803 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

If you are interested in becoming either a small or a large distributor write for the remarkable book "Taking Time from Eternity."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

corner where the big Brock Apartments are now," Mrs. Rogers stated, frowning a little, shifting a little under the ballooning silks.

"You're in pain?" Judy asked quickly.

"Annoying," the other answered patiently, settling again.

"Was Doctor Bartlett here?"

"Yes, he's changed the pill—but not before nine, he says." She glanced at the clock; twenty minutes to seven.

"Ready for your music?" Judy asked. It was one of her small regular attentions to manage a little concert by phonograph or radio for the invalid every evening at about this time. Forbes almost always managed to join them. "Tell Mr. Rogers, if you get a chance, that we're having our music," Judy directed a maid, and immediately the room was filled with the strains of a singing voice.

MRS. ROGERS, senior, had awakened at seven, had been humanely delayed through the bath, breakfast tray, correspondence, morning papers, until ten. Then Judy always came in with the children for almost an hour's gossip, and then came one or two other favored morning callers, of whom a careful list was kept. Afterward had come the luncheon tray, and a painful and unwelcome airing in the sun-porch, when two menservants held the almost collapsed big form between them, and the useless feet touched the floor aimlessly.

Then back to all the relief of the big fireside chair, the card table for solitaire, a book, or reading aloud, a few tea callers, and finally Judy for the music. Now supper was almost due, and after that there was a long ritual of rubbing and changing before the final bliss of lowered lights, soft pillows, silence, and the little pill that meant a few hours of the old, taken-for-granted freedom from pain.

"I love you, dear," Mrs. Rogers faltered suddenly tonight, catching at Judy's hand, as the younger woman chanced to be near her.

Judy smiled, bent over her to kiss the lifeless ropes of twisted, iron-gray hair.

"I love you, too, mummy!" she said. "Now, don't, dear," she pleaded, as the familiar trembling and tears began.

"Think I'm so much sicker than they tell me!" the old lady said, her eyes tightly shut, bitter tears squeezing between the lids.

"Bartlett told you two years ago that even if there was an operation he wouldn't promise you three months, and look at you now!" Judy reminded her evasively.

"That's true, Judy," Mrs. Rogers admitted, brightening. "Look at poor Caroline Fiske!" she added.

"Look at poor Caroline Fiske—not thirty!" Judy echoed cheerfully. The thought of Caroline's case ministered as an almost daily sedative to the invalid. "The doctors make mistakes like all the rest of us, don't they? And now it's almost seven, and Forbes and I are dining at the Carters. So I must fly. He may be dressing, but he'll come in and sit with you a few minutes while you have your supper!"

"So sweet to me, Judy!" the invalid whispered, with emotion, as her son's wife left another kiss on her hair, for good night. Judy answered naively, "I *like* you!" and went on her way to her own room with a singing heart. These sombre scenes in the sickroom, repeated over and over again, had no power to depress her; they were all a part of belonging to Forbes, and the happy miracle of being a part of his life, of having the right to share his sorrows and his problems, was still fresh with her.

Judy, who had known no real home for the first varied twenty-two years of her life, had welcomed even the drawbacks of her new estate with a hungry joy. When Forbes's friends today pitied her for the demands that his sick old mother and the cumbersome old-fashioned mansion made upon her, marveled that she could live with only a man so much older and the babies for company, in the country house, she answered them with a secret exultation. It was a delight to be needed, imposed upon, burdened.

With all the natural joys of her dignity, as his wife, the buying of all the frocks she needed, her importance in shops and with modistes, her opera box on Monday nights, her command of the big, smooth-rolling cars, it was good to feel this human side, to know the frailty and dependence of Forbes's mother was lightened because of her new daughter in the house, to see his own constantly deepening conviction that Judy could do anything, and would do it gladly, to make the world happier.

Forbes's sister, Ellen, the magnificent Mrs. Hugh Saterlee, sometimes sent in one of her own children for dental work or new shoes, under the chaperonage of Aunt Judy, and Judy loved to make these great occasions for the little cousins, filled with all sorts of unexpected joys, when the business of the visit was over. Ellen, a splendid, capable, self-confident creature, had chosen, in her regally superb way, to be Judy's companion and admirer from the very beginning; and the two women thoroughly liked each other.

In her own suite of handsome, old-fashioned rooms tonight, after fifteen wild minutes in the nursery, Judy put herself into the hands of a maid, dreaming contentedly her own dreams, as the woman brushed her dark, soft hair, and laid out her evening gown.

It was a new gown; by chance, she had not worn it before. The prim low bodice, with its square neck, was black satin, the spreading skirts, lifted on hoops of creamy Spanish lace, embroidered in great melon-pink roses and green leaves. With it went a great tortoise-shell comb in Judy's dark, smooth hair, and a fringed shoulder shawl of yellowed China silk.

So arrayed, she was a sight to stop the breath. She looked at herself, in the long door mirror, with serious approval. Her eyes were dark, her skin a smooth cream, her mouth scarlet, the lips wide and thin. The rich, dark scallops of her hair framed her face, a classic face, well poised on a slender throat. Her figure was thin almost to emaciation, her breasts low, shoulders squared with an effect of proud erectness; her hands were long and thin and intelligent. A sort of subdued fire breathed through all her cool Latin tints, the flame of youth flickered liquidly in her eyes. She wore her shawl and her comb with a sort of careless niceness, so sure of them that she might be indifferent.

Pleasure shone in her scrutiny. Forbes would be pleased. He loved to have her look "nice," she reflected, serenely sure that no other woman at the big dinner tonight would look quite so "nice" as she. Daring effects, quaint effects, became her.

THE door opened, and Forbes came in. His wife looked at him smiling in the mirror, over her bare shoulder. But her heart stood still when she saw his face.

"I am lost," something whispered, deep in Judy's being. She turned and faced him. Her breast moved up once, sank in a deep sigh. She tasted salt in her mouth.

"That's all, Germaine," she heard herself say in a whisper, not glancing at the maid, as she dismissed her. Germaine disappeared, and Forbes came slowly across the room, and stood staring at her, still with that strange, frightening face. "What is it, Forbes?" Judy asked, sharply, tensely. "Why aren't you dressed? Your mother——"

He paid no attention to her question.

"Did you ever know a man named Pierre Muller," he demanded, abruptly.

"Never," she answered instantly. But she had turned white.

"A mechanician," Forbes supplemented, his eyes fixed on her.

He was still in afternoon dress; his round, kindly face pallid, his fair hair strangely disordered. Perspiration glistened on his upper lip.

This Judy noted absently; and the soft, bright lights of the dressing room behind him. But her mind felt confused. She didn't know the name Muller—no. But somehow the sound of it was vaguely reminiscent—vaguely frightening. But she didn't know him—no. And she and Forbes would be late for their dinner—whose dinner? Somebody's——

"Nor Etienne la Touche?" Forbes pursued in a hard voice.

Ah–h–h–h! It was that. The bullet struck clean and true; there was no pain at first. After so many years, this hour had come.

"Yes. I knew him," she answered gently, unemotionally. And she sat down, laying her lace fan carefully on the dressing table.

Forbes sank into a light chair, twisting his body sidewise and burying his face in his hands.

"My God—my God—my God!" he said, under his breath.

Then for a long time there was silence in the room.

Copyright, 1925, by Kathleen Norris.

What secret in Judy's past life had Forbes Rogers come upon? Why did she feel her whole life's happiness was about to crash? You will learn in the second installment of this intensely human story, to appear in next week's issue.

WHO KILLED STEPHEN LANE?

A CURIOUS, unusual, and tantalizing murder mystery story. . . . A man found dead in the dark, by the edge of a wood. A man suspected of the crime, tried, and acquitted. Confession from another—but he didn't do it. Who did? And why did an innocent man make a bogus confession? You'll find the answer in

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—but not until you reach the last paragraph of the story. It's a fascinating tangle of love, cruelty, and self-sacrifice, centering about the gentle figure of a lovely girl. Even she—but that would be telling too much. Watch for this capital yarn by Owen Oliver, the noted English novelist,

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

How Much PUNCH Have We in the PACIFIC?

The Story of the Greatest War Game in American History

By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

FIRST ARTICLE

The Far-Flung Battle Line—Can We Hold It?

© Henry Miller

Some of the war game actors—the crew of a five-inch gun.

The prize at stake in the game—the Hawaiian Islands, with distances to all important Pacific naval points.

"WAR DECLARED!" How startled you and one hundred and ten million other Americans would be if the newspaper headlines today were to flash forth the grim intelligence that the United States is at war with another great nation!

"Where is our navy and where is the enemy?" "Can our navy strike the first blow and rout the enemy before he reaches our shores?" "Is our navy strong enough to conquer?"

These and a hundred other questions would leap to the lips of anxious millions. With what suspense our people would await the first clash, while girding for the fray, anxiously seizing upon every shred of information from the distant scene of the struggle for control of the sea and air!

If we should win this duel, what joy, what relief from anxiety! If we should lose command of the sea and air, what terror of invasion would be ours!

Such a crisis—in make-believe—the nation is facing the last part of this month and the first of the next, when the United States army and navy play the game of war in joint practice maneuvers in the Pacific Ocean.

These maneuvers, to perfect our fighting forces and to test the condition of our war equipment by actual trial, are the culmination of a three-year program of exercises on sea and land in the operations which it would be necessary to carry out on the instant for the proper defense of our country in case of attack by a power of the first magnitude.

The prize of this mimic warfare, the fortunes of which Americans will follow with breathless interest, is the Hawaiian Islands: the crossroads of the Pacific, the key to our western defense, and the farthest outpost this country is permitted to fortify under the terms of the Washington Conference Treaty limiting naval armaments.

For the purposes of the problem as postulated by the army and navy experts, it is assumed that the Hawaiian Islands do not belong to the United States but to another power, designated as Black. The United States, represented by the Blue forces, has undertaken to attack and capture them. It is further assumed that the islands are defended, as at present, by certain military and naval forces, and that the attack will be made by forces composed essentially of the United States fleet.

Suppose Great Britain and the United States were at war. Operations such as those just outlined would be called for if we undertook to capture Bermuda, in order to deprive Britain of a base of the highest strategic importance for an attack on this country.

Though the problem, as stated, is one of an attack by the United States, the exercises will demonstrate whether our present defenses of the Hawaiian Islands are vulnerable or invulnerable and under what circumstances an enemy might be able to capture this outpost in actual war.

The islands will be attacked by an American naval force of about the strength of the Japanese navy. They will be defended by naval forces such as would be assembled if the onslaught were to take place while the greater part of the American navy is in the Atlantic, unable to reach the Pacific through the Panama Canal because of the destruction of one or more locks by an enemy air raid.

In short, the effort to capture the Hawaiian archipelago will be made by the attacking United States fleet through the methods that Japan might be expected to resort to in time of war.

VARIOUS individuals and groups in Japan have been greatly wrought up over these American army and navy exercises in the Pacific, which they characterize as a threatening gesture by the United States against Japan, if not an overt act of war. Curiously enough, these Japanese jingoes perceived no threat in these maneuvers when the program calling for these exercises in the Pacific in 1925 was announced three years ago. Not until the United States enacted the Japanese exclusion law last year did anyone in Japan find our war practice maneuvers obnoxious.

The Japanese agitation leveled at the Hawaiian maneuvers has died down, however. It was rendered a bit pointless by the disclosure that Japan, a few months ago, staged a war game far to the eastward of her shores, pre-

supposing an attack in force upon Nippon by a power of the first rank—presumably the United States. The result of the Japanese maneuvers is said to have been adjudged a signal victory for the Japanese navy over its hypothetical foe.

The Japanese jingoes were further silenced by the head of the Japanese navy, who in an official statement declared that, in carrying out these exercises, the United States is only performing one of the duties of national defense and doing no more and no less than Japan.

President Coolidge in his message to Congress last December served notice on all the world that we do not intend to be deterred from going through with our program of army and navy exercises, wherever they may be staged.

"Our country," said the President, "has definitely relinquished the old standard of dealing with other countries by terror and force, and is definitely committed to the new standard of dealing with them through friendship and understanding.

"This new policy should be constantly kept in mind by the guiding forces of the army and navy, by the Congress, and by the country at large. I believe it holds a promise of great benefit to humanity. I shall resist any attempt to resort to the old methods and the old standards.

"I am especially solicitous that foreign nations should comprehend the candor and sincerity with which we have adopted this position.

"While we propose to maintain defensive and supplementary police forces by land and sea, and to train them through inspections and maneuvers upon appropriate occasions in order to maintain their efficiency, I wish every other nation to understand that this does not express any unfriendliness or convey any hostile intent.

"I want the armed forces of America to be considered by all peoples not as enemies but as friends, as the contribution which is made by this country for the maintenance of the peace and security of the world."

Destroyers rehearsing the smoke screen they will lay whenever called upon to protect the attacking fleet from submarines or airplanes.

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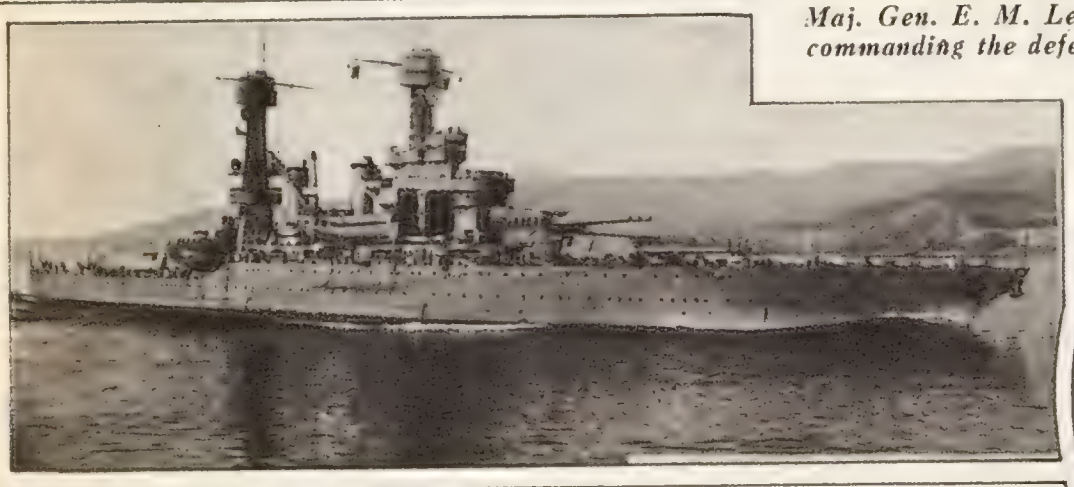
Maj. Gen. E. M. Lewis, commanding the defense.

P. & A. Photo

Admiral S. S. Robison, commanding the attack.



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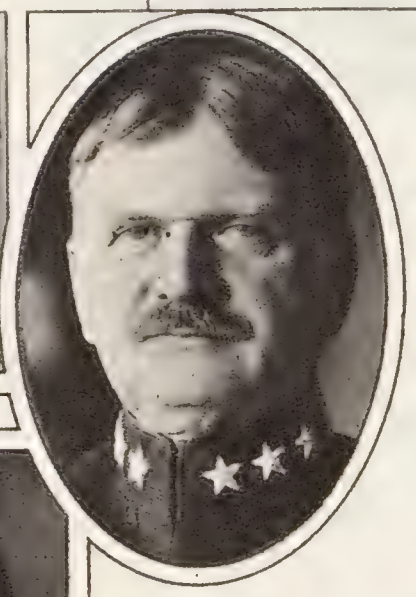
The U. S. S. California, flagship of the attacking fleet.



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Above—Admiral R. E. Coontz; at left—Major General John L. Hines. These men are the chief umpires who will award the victory to the attackers or defenders, as events decide.

© Henry Miller

THE importance of the Hawaiian Islands to the safety of the United States, the importance to the American people of their adequate defense, and the importance to the enemy of their seizure as the base of an attack are well-nigh incalculable.

With the Hawaiian Islands securely in our possession no enemy could with safety attack continental United States or the Panama Canal in force. A ship or two or a few airplanes might make a raid, but a mass attack by the enemy would be out of the question. The foe not only would have no base for launching hostilities in force but would leave himself open to a flank attack if he advanced beyond Hawaii.

With the Hawaiian Islands in enemy hands, the shoe would be on the other foot. Our foe would have acquired a base of operations within twenty-one hundred miles of our shores — easy striking distance compared with the six thousand miles he would have to travel without such a base. Having been unable to fend off our enemy short of the Hawaiian group, we doubtless would find ourselves hard put to it to halt him short of our coast.

Whoever called these islands "the key to the Pacific" summed up the situation in those five words. It makes all the difference in the world to the American people who holds that key. Fortunately for us, the wise statesmanship of the last generation gave it to America. The wise statesmanship of this generation will safeguard it in our keeping.

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The original program called for the Blue, or attacking, fleet to leave San Francisco April 15, headed for the Hawaiian Islands. A few days later Admiral S. S. Robison, commanding the attacking fleet, was to receive a radio message instructing him to consider himself an enemy and to attack the islands with all his forces. At the same time Major General Edward M. Lewis, commanding the army garrison in Hawaii, and the commanders of the naval forces there were to be advised in similar wireless instructions of the impending attack.

From that moment, according to the plan, the Grand Joint Exercises will be in the hands of the army and navy umpires. They will judge the results of the maneuvers and determine whether the islands have been "captured" by the attacking naval forces or have successfully resisted the "attack."

THE Blue, or attacking, fleet was to consist of eleven battleships, eight light cruisers, one airplane-carrier and tender, sixty airplanes, fifty-four destroyers, thirty submarines, two mine layers, two mine sweepers, and thirteen fuel and supply ships.

The Black, or defending, forces were to be composed of the army garrison of fifteen thousand men, comprising infantry to resist a landing of marines, artillery operating the sixteen inch, the railway, tractor, and anti-aircraft guns, and aviators manning an undisclosed number of army airplanes.

In addition the defense forces were to include twenty submarines, two mine layers, two mine sweepers, forty naval airplanes, one eagle boat, one submarine chaser, two motor tugs, one station ship, and four small tugs, and the island national guard army reserve and naval organizations.

General Lewis will know the strength of the attacking force, but not the quarter from which to expect the onslaught. Will Admiral Robison attack the principal island, Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, or will he attempt to take one of the seven other islands first as a base for operations against Oahu?

For days before the Blue fleet appears the airplanes of the Black, or defending, force will be scouting to detect the whereabouts of the

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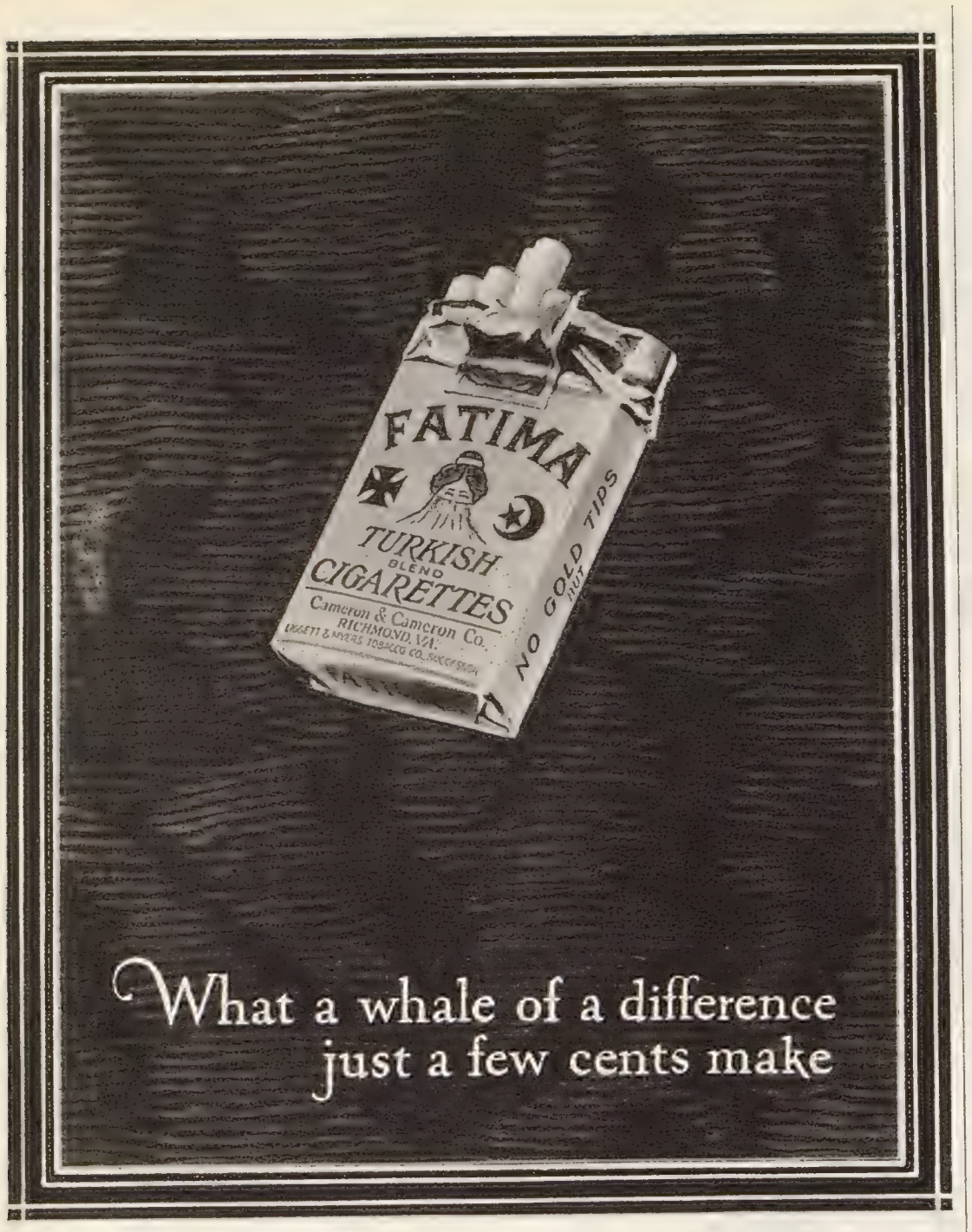

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache	Colds	Neuralgia	Lumbago
Pain	Toothache	Neuritis	Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

enemy and his apparent plans. Active also will be the Black submarines in the endeavor to establish contact with the enemy fleet and "sink" the battleships before they can get within gun range of the islands.

This first stage of the battle will be an exciting one and will furnish a test of the contention that submarines and airplanes constitute a sufficient defense of a coast.

THERE will be a struggle between Blue and Black for control of the air. Fighting planes attached to the fleet will attempt to overcome the Black air forces. The anti-aircraft guns on the warships will be brought into play against the Black airplanes and the Black anti-aircraft guns will assail the Blue airplanes should they come within range of the islands.

It will be for the umpires, headed by Admiral Robert E. Coontz, commander of the United States fleet, and General John L. Hines, chief of staff of the army, to determine whether the superiority of the aircraft rests with the attacking Blue fleet or the Black defending forces. Whichever side loses control of the air by decision of the umpires will be as a man with his eyes put out. Without airplanes it is impossible to know the movements of the enemy or to fire long range guns with accuracy.

The Blue destroyers will endeavor to fend off the attacks of the Black submarines on the Blue battleships and cruisers. If, however, any battleship should be hit by one of the practice torpedoes fired by the Black submarines, the umpires will declare that ship "sunk" and retire it from the war game. The commander of the ship will hoist a "sunk" flag and will proceed to an "out of action" meeting place.

If the Black forces should be unable to cripple the Blue fleet at a distance by means of submarines and airplanes the Blue will get within range of the islands and the bombardment will begin. At that stage the range of the big guns on the ships and ashore will be the determining factor. A ship outranged by a shore battery will be adjudged "sunk." A shore battery outranged by a ship will be declared "silenced."

The range of every gun of every shore battery and of every ship is known to the fraction of a yard.

Suppose that a battleship, the guns of which can hurl projectiles ten miles, approaches the coast where there is situated a shore battery capable of shooting eight miles, but no farther. The defending submarines, aircraft, and other first-line forces will do their utmost to prevent that ship from getting as close as ten miles.

The submarines will loose real torpedoes, previously rendered harmless, and if any of these torpedoes should strike the ship the umpires will declare the vessel out of commission.

If the defending forces, however, are unable to interfere with the approach of the warship, and if the ship gets within ten miles of the shore, the umpires will pronounce the shore battery "silenced." For at that distance the ship, in actual war, would be able to pound the shore battery to pieces with its guns of ten-mile range, but would be safe from the projectiles of the land guns, which would fall two miles short.

If the surviving ships are able to "silence" the shore batteries commanding a feasible landing place the Blue forces will then attempt to land marines. This will be the signal for the beginning of the land battle between the marines and the army.

If Admiral Robison succeeds in getting more marines ashore than the soldiers General Lewis is able to get to the place of landing, the umpires will award the victory to the Blue and declare the island occupied, if not captured. If, however, there are more soldiers than marines at the landing place, the umpires will pronounce the attack repulsed.

ACCOMPANYING the attacking fleet there will be a number of newspaper correspondents, who will keep the public informed from day to day of the progress of the war games.

The report of the umpires on the outcome of the exercises will become a document of vital importance to the army and navy, to the President, and to Congress in the future provision for the defenses of the nation.

The officially announced purposes of the maneuvers are:

"To train army and navy forces in joint operations, history teaching that most joint army and navy operations failed because of lack of co-operation, lack of teamwork, this lack of teamwork being the result of lack of training.

"To test the defensive arrangements of a locality.

"To try out methods of attack against a defended locality."

After the conclusion of the Hawaiian maneuvers the American fleet will depart on a cruise to Australia and New Zealand in response to an invitation to pay a visit of courtesy to those British commonwealths.

In a second article, entitled Our Pacific Problem, Arthur Sears Henning will discuss the international agreements with England and Japan which have given a totally new aspect to the question of our Far Eastern defenses. This article will bring out facts never before set forth so comprehensively in print. Watch for it in next week's issue.

Can *a* Woman Drive *a* Motor Car?

The Troubled Traffic Cop, and Some Others Who Ought to Know, Give the Downtrodden Species a Helping Hand at Last

By RICHARD ADAMS

Picture by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

"I give her a summons if necessary, and then she proceeds to bawl me out in expert fashion. There's nothing I can do about it."

THE CAR ahead seemed weak in those qualities which make for decision of purpose. We had no ambitions to test our speed possibilities, but we *would* have liked to pass. After all *we* were actually going somewhere, but there was no hint of any such determination up ahead.

The car out front kept to the middle of the road. There was a ditch on either side, and we saw nothing desirable about either of them. Experience teaches that the open road is the place for the automobile, and little if any advantage lies in ditch wallowing.

Close observation of the conduct of that car leading us indicated that the driver was sober. There was no serpentine evidence of alcohol in the chauffeur—a condition less preferable than water in the carburetor. With water in the carburetor a car will refuse to move.

Eventually we came to crossroads, and our leader turned off to the right, leaving us free to pursue our way at an even pace. We saw the offending vehicle bucking along at all speeds from ten to thirty miles an hour.

"Either a nut or a novice at the wheel of that 'bus,'" said we.

"Or a woman," growled our companion.

Whereat a great argument started. Why a woman? Can't a woman drive a motor car as well as a man? We decided to ask authorities.

"Can a woman drive a car as well as a man?" we asked Dr. E. O. Bregman of Columbia University. Doctor Bregman is a psychologist.

"I do not know that tests which would be necessary to an answer have been made," she said. "There is no scientific answer to your question.

"We do know that we have subjected one hundred boys and girls to identical mechanical tests—that is, tests which required working with mechanical apparatus. We found that the boy of twelve years was as mechanically apt in these tests as a girl of fifteen. I, for one, am not going to make the flat statement that the woman is either a better or a worse driver than the man. There is nothing in scientific research on which to base such an opinion."

But there was no such scientific hesitancy about Joseph J. McQuaide, who offers to match his job with any man in the world, provided his challenger has a hard one. Joseph McQuaide is a traffic cop. He holds forth five days a week, including Saturday and Sunday, at Getty Square, Yonkers.

In justice to Mr. McQuaide it must be said that Getty Square is one of the reasons why traffic cops go mad, and it is considered by the Motor Vehicle License Bureau of the State of New York as the test supreme for those being examined for drivers' licenses.

"They're all pretty bad when they reach Getty Square," said Mr. McQuaide. "But I have less trouble with women because, in the first place, fewer women drive through Getty Square. In the second place, a woman, whether she is less capable or not, is more careful than a man. She is more cautious.

"But she's more belligerent than a man after she does get into trouble. She has less instinctive fear of the Traffic Court judge than a man.

"And a man is less quick to pinch a woman. It's the way of the world. I'll turn my semaphore against north and southbound traffic and see a car ignore it. Let's say a man is at the wheel. In nine cases in ten he'll try to back up and shut up and avoid a summons.

"A woman might try to back up, but if she finds her way barred by cars behind she'll get sore at those behind her and at me.

"'What do you think I'm trying to do?' she'll demand when I call her attention to her slight error. 'Do you think I'm doing this intentionally? I didn't see your signal until it was too late to stop. Why don't you blow a whistle or something?'

"'Madam,' I reply, 'I've blown my whistle till I have a headache. I'll have to write you a summons.'

"'The idea!' says she, getting red in the face. 'I live in Brooklyn, and I have other things to do than to be running out here arguing with a judge. Get those fools behind me to back and I'll back up.'

"I give her a summons if necessary and then she proceeds to bawl me out in expert fashion. There's nothing I can do about it.

"On the other hand, the women as a whole will keep a sharper outlook for the stop and go signals. Personally I believe that they do this because they have a notion that they are on trial as motorists.

"To sum it all up, I'd say that while women are less accustomed to driving they are more careful in intent than men."

All very interesting, but not what we were after. Policeman McQuaide had not made the decision. So we tried a famous neurologist who made the decision promptly enough, but refused to let us use his name.

"There is no reason why a woman shouldn't drive as expertly as men, and the proof of what I say is found in the fact that, given the same amount of experience at a wheel, a woman has just as much chance of becoming expert as a man.

"As a matter of fact, the only reason women are not even competitors with men in all things mechanical is that they have not been required to be. For every female moron, you'll find one male incompetent. Of course, a woman can drive a car as capably as a man can."

Thus armed with opinions, we went back to our friend who blamed that stupid driving on a woman and offered to show him how unjust he was.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I found out who was driving that car. I took the license number, you know. It wasn't a woman. It was the vice president of the Wahoo Motor Car Corporation. He's been driving a car for ten years, too."

And to establish the truth of those who say it is all nonsense to contend that the sex of the driver has any bearing upon the driving, comes the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau with the information that of the one thousand persons who, between July 1, 1924, and January 15, 1925, had their driving licenses revoked for various forms of mishandling of their motors, only twelve were women.

Therefore we save you the trouble of answering the question which is the title of this story. Of course a woman can drive a motor car!

THE END

Adventures of a Woman Detective

By
ISABELLA GOODWIN

Pictures by
ADDISON BURBANK

The True Story of a Policeman's Widow Who Matched Wits with Crookdom for Her Children's Sake

ISABELLA GOODWIN was one of the best known detectives in the New York Police Department. For more than twenty-eight years Mrs. Goodwin was on active duty and won an enviable reputation for daring and courage, working on many of the deepest mysteries in recent years. Her most noted effort was in solving the mystery of a famous taxicab robbery in 1912, for which she was promoted to a first-grade detective. Subsequently Mrs. Goodwin was appointed Fifth Deputy Police Commissioner, the first woman to hold that office. Mrs. Goodwin recently retired on pension from the detective bureau.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago my husband died. He was a sergeant on the New York police force. His death left me in a quandary. I was young and had four little children. I didn't know where to turn. But my husband had some good friends on the force, and they helped me. Deputy Police Commissioner George S. Dougherty offered me a job as a detective. He said he was sure I had a lot of nerve and a level head and would make good. And certainly nerve is one thing that I did need.

My most exciting case was a famous taxi robbery in 1912. It was my work on that case which made me a first-grade detective, although I certainly would never take another like that again. Not for a million.

It was the first real big taxi robbery and was committed in February. Two messengers from the East River Savings Bank were carrying twenty-five thousand dollars in cash to another bank downtown. They were in a taxicab driven by a young Italian named Montani.

This is what happened: While the taxicab was passing through the busiest part of Church Street, five men suddenly closed in on it. Two of them entered the doors of the cab from either side. The third jumped on the driver's seat and, pressing a gun against Montani's ribs, told him to drive on at top speed. The two others stood by in case of emergency.

After traveling eleven blocks Montani was ordered to stop. The three bandits jumped off and got into a waiting touring car without a license number and soon disappeared. Montani, apparently frightened to death, called to the police. The twenty-five thousand dollars in the black bag was gone. The messengers were found pounded nearly to death in the cab.

The robbers got away clean, and the whole city of New York was wild over the daring crime.

A few days after the robbery Commissioner Dougherty telephoned to me.

When I arrived Commissioner Dougherty took me over to a house on West Twenty-first Street. On the way over he said:

"Now, the landlady of the house where I'm taking you thinks I'm in the trucking business and that you're my half-sister from Boston. And I've made arrangements with her that you're going to do housework for her. She's taking you because you'll work cheap, as I have told her you're not quite right in the head."

This is why Commissioner Dougherty

"Eddie the Boob!" Swede Annie repeated as hot as could be. "Well, I guess he turned the taxi trick all right."

"planted" me there: The day of the robbery he had learned from underworld gossip that a woman of the streets, known as Swede Annie, had gone to Peekskill with her friend—rather suddenly. The suspicious feature was that they made the journey in a taxicab, and it was said they had a big bank roll.

For two nights I slept on the top floor. In the daytime I shuffled about my work in that house, wearing a dirty pink kimono.

There was one tough woman named Myrtle Horn who had a room in the basement front. I next learned that she had a pal named Annie, who had been living with her. So it was up to me to get acquainted with Myrtle. And she was a bad one!

As soon as I got the lay of the land I began to sleep in the kitchen, which was in the basement next to Myrtle's room. I cooked up the excuse that I wanted to be there because it was warmer than upstairs. There was a closet in the kitchen with a boarded-up door, right up against Myrtle's room. So it was all night in the closet for me, with my ear glued to that door.

I slept only three hours out of the twenty-four, and most of that was in the daytime. That Myrtle and the men she brought in every night were an awful lot. If they had caught me listening, or were tipped off that I was a detective—why, they'd have croaked me.

WELL, I did my best to get next to Myrtle. I'd take her a cup of tea or run out in the cold and get cigarettes for her.

"You got a fine, big room, Mrs. Horn," I said one day. "It must cost big rent."

She said she had a girl with her most of the time.

"Mrs. Collins," she said, was her friend's name. And then she winked at me and laughed.

Then I learned that Mrs. Collins was really Swede Annie, a Sixth Avenue parader, who had fallen in love with an ex-pugilist named Eddie Collins.

One night while I was in the closet with my ear glued to the thin door between the two rooms, I heard the kitchen door squeak. Someone had come in the kitchen. Whoever it was went over to the table and opened the drawer and began to rattle around the things in it. It was Myrtle. She bawled out my name a couple of times.

Finally Swede Annie came back. I got a good look at her. She was about twenty-four and rather good looking — blonde, you know, and tough as leather. But compared to that bad actor, Myrtle, she was rather appealing. She unpacked and was going to stay for a few days. I might hear something.

From my listening post I heard that Eddie Collins was in Chicago, but that he was coming back soon.

It was the ninth night. I was in that closet on the floor, with my head against the door. Swede Annie and Myrtle were squabbling. Myrtle was in an ugly mood and complaining about everything. I heard her say:

"I was talking to a guy today about Eddie, and he called him 'Eddie the Boob.'"

"Eddie the Boob!" Swede Annie repeated, as hot as could be. "Well, I guess he turned the taxi trick all right!"

Believe me, that brought me to. I ran out in my felt slippers to telephone to Commissioner Dougherty. But he was not at the station; couldn't be found. There was nothing for me to do but to go back and gnaw my fingers and listen again. Then Annie and Myrtle went out.

But late that night they were back again.

"I don't care what you say," said Swede Annie. "We're shoving off tonight."

Myrtle mumbled something, and began to abuse Annie for being so foolish as to stay stuck on one man.

"I was that way myself once," she said. "Why the hell don't you stay here and make some jack? The bulls will get Eddie. They'll have him inside of a month."

"They *will* not!" said Annie. "We're going to Boston on the midnight. Then we're going up to Canada and out to the coast. We're going to work down to Mexico. Eddie is going straight. He says he can make good money training fighters. We're going to get married."

Again I ran out to telephone to Commissioner Dougherty.

"Isabella, you're a great girl," he said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Then came the day of the wedding. But Mike Peters didn't turn up. Wherever he was, he had with him eighty thousand dollars she had given him.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"Now, stick there just until morning. There'll be something good in this for you."

That night as Swede Annie and Eddie Collins, alias Eddie Kinsman, and another man were walking through the Grand Central Station they were arrested. Collins confessed his part in the robbery. Six other men were arrested, among them Montani, the honest-faced taxicab driver. They were all sent to prison.

And I was rewarded. Commissioner Dougherty made me a first-grade detective and my salary was raised from $1,000 to $2,250 a year. Not much, you may say. But it was a big step up in the world for me and my children.

MY next job was the fortune tellers. When I say fortune teller, don't picture a grubby woman in earrings in a room overlooking the Sixth Avenue L. These fortune tellers I went against were brilliant criminals who made thousands and thousands of dollars.

One of the richest was a man who called himself Professor Seers.

In the northern part of New York State there was a poor German woman, Mrs. G., we will call her. Her husband earned twelve dollars a week, upon which he supported his wife and their two children. But his wife was one of those saving foreigners who always get along in the world. She fed her family on beets and potatoes that came out of a garden she had dug in the back yard. She had saved enough so the family could move to Astoria, and there the man found work that paid him twenty-five dollars a week. Out of this his wife saved from eight to ten dollars a week. She was a wonder. In time she had enough to buy a corner lot and put up a shack of a grocery store. By making potato salad and things and working day and night and putting the children to work, she saved so much that in several years her property was appraised at $16,000.

At this time she saw an advertisement in a New York paper, something like this:

PROFESSOR SEERS! ASTROLOGER.
$5.00 READINGS TODAY ONLY $1.00.

These hard-working tightwads are the easiest to fall. The woman went to see Professor Seers. A butler admitted her into a swell-looking parlor, and there another solemn-looking servant in buttons asked her to write, on a small tablet, her name, her address, and her reasons for consulting a fortune teller. She did so. The servant tore off the slip of paper on which she had written, told her to fold it up, to keep it, and let no one see it. Then she was shown in to the professor.

"I hope I can help you," he said. "May I have your slip of paper?"

She gave it to him. He did not read it, but placed it, folded as it was, against his forehead and shut his eyes. It seemed to take him forever. Then he opened his eyes with a start and looked exhausted and shook his head.

"The stars aren't propitious today," he said. "You take this slip and come back just four days hence. Then I am sure I can tell you something definite. No charge until then."

OF course, the professor's trick was simple. In the tablet on which the woman had written there was carbon paper. Consequently he had a copy of her name and address and her reasons for consulting him. He immediately dispatched hirelings to learn enough to make her think he knew everything.

Four days later the woman returned.

"I have discerned a great deal about your case, Mrs. G.," said Professor Seers. "Your vibrations are not harmonious, and your two physical selves are not in tune.

"But, now, as to your material well being. You must not invest your savings in that chicken farm. [She gasped.] It would only end

disastrously. I see that you have three thousand dollars in the bank. [Her jaw dropped in amazement.] If I could only get you some of that stock," Professor Seers mused.

"Did you notice," he asked, "that lady sitting out there on the divan—the one with the sealskin coat on?"

"Yes," Mrs. G. replied.

"Well, you wouldn't think," he said, "that three years ago she was a chambermaid in the Hotel Astor. She had saved two thousand dollars and came to me. I was able to invest it for her. Now she has two children in college and a big five-passenger touring car."

With that he picked up the phone, a dummy telephone, and pretended to talk to the treasurer of the Mutual Mining and Reduction Stock Company. At first it seemed that there wasn't a nickel's worth of the stock to be had. But Professor Seers argued, pleaded, and browbeat the treasurer. Suddenly the professor appeared to have won. He turned to Mrs. G.

"Can you have three thousand cash down here by tomorrow?" he asked, excitedly. "I'm going to get it for you!"

So the poor woman turned up the next day with the cash. After that she visited Professor Seers once a week.

"Everything is going wonderfully," he always told her, lighting a big cigar.

Then one day, when she was in the waiting room, he burst through the door.

"Oh, Mrs. G. I'm glad you came today! Things are breaking fast," he said excitedly, when they were in his office. "That stock is going up like a skyrocket. I'm going to put everything I've got in it. If you only had some more cash you could clean up a fortune."

In this way he led around to getting her to mortgage her property for six thousand five hundred dollars. She was so excited she also borrowed five hundred dollars more. This made ten thousand dollars in all.

Two months later she found his house closed. Nobody answered the doorbell. Mrs. G., half crazy, went to the police, and I was put on the case.

THE first thing I did was to look up the Mutual Mining and Reduction Company. Of course, it was phony. They had an office the size of a piano box in Philadelphia, and there I found a man whom I found it necessary to scare to death. I learned that Professor Seers's real name was Wolff; that he was a drug fiend and frequented the office of a doctor on De Kalb Avenue, in Brooklyn.

So I went to the doctor. As soon as he opened his office door I began to cry. I am a pretty good actress. And the moment we were alone together I blubbered out that I was Professor Seers's sweetheart, and that he had quit me and I couldn't find him anywhere. That doctor put his arm around me, that old bird! and said:

"Now, if you were a doll-face he would never have left you. But you are a woman with a lot of sense, I can see that. Why men go crazy over the baby dolls without an idea in their heads, I don't see!" I stood a lot of that stuff from him. But finally I got it out of this man where Professor Seers was.

Wolff was in a sanitarium in Brooklyn. I went there, and they told me he was very, very sick, had cancer of the arm, and had gone home. They gave me an address in the Bronx.

Thanksgiving Day, I remember it was, another woman detective and I went up to the Bronx address.

"You go up," I said to the woman who was with me, "and I'll send for the wagon. He is a big, handsome man of forty-five, very dark, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and wears on one hand a large Masonic ring."

But in about five minutes she came down.

"No such party there," she said. "The only man in the apartment is a little old geezer weighing not more than seventy pounds, I swear. But his name is Wolff."

Well, I went up and knocked on the door, and it was opened by a little old woman. I flashed my badge and stamped through. In the parlor, sitting beside a radiator, was an old, old man, like a skinny little old bird with the feathers off. His illness had changed him entirely.

"Have pity," he said. "I'm dying. I've cancer of the arm."

"Why should I have pity?" I said.

So I arrested him. He was bailed out, but died before he came to trial.

Another interesting case was that of Mrs. May Kennedy. She was fifty years old. Oh, more than that! Her husband had died three

Champlain Photo.

MRS. ISABELLA GOODWIN

years before and soon after that her only child. Her husband left her two hundred thousand dollars. But that didn't help her much. She was lonesome and had few relatives and was too timid to make any friends. It happened that she went to a fortune teller.

This one pulled the same stunt that Professor Seers did—pressed the paper that had her name and address on it to his brow.

The man who shadowed her found that she lived in a hotel on Broadway. He bought several pairs of silk stockings and pretended he was delivering them to her from some shop. Some mistake, she said. But the spy becomes chatty; admires the picture on the table. She explains it is of her husband, who died four years ago. And here, she says, trotting over to the bureau, is her baby, whom the doctors had warned her was too perfect, had too big a brain, to live. And her eyes get dewy over these memories.

Well, when Mrs. Kennedy went back to the fortune teller he grunted and rolled his eyes out of sight and went into a coma. He began to converse with the spirit of her husband and child. And at that poor Mrs. Kennedy broke down and cried and cried.

At last the fortune teller broke his silence with some snarling noises and began to speak.

"When you go home tonight I see you in an elevator," he said. "There is a man there. He has his hand to his face, and on that hand there is a seal ring. He tips his hat to you and asks if he hasn't seen you before. *That is the man you are going to marry.*"

Well, of course, the poor little woman went home as fast as ever she could to her Broadway hotel, her heart beating hard against her heavy stays. Of course, everything turned out as the fortune teller said. There was a man in the elevator. (He was a handsome devil, named Mike Peters. We got him later.) He had his hand to his face, and on it a big gold ring weighing about five ounces. He looked down.

"Don't I know you?" he asked. "I *must* have seen you before."

Mrs. Kennedy was almost speechless with the miracle of it. She allowed herself to be drawn into conversation with him.

She saw him often—dinner, tea, the theater, every day. She got to calling him Billy, as that was what he said his name was.

THEY became better and better friends. Then Peters introduced her to two bad fellows. Mr. and Mrs. Rice, they called themselves. There followed a life of such speed as Mrs. Kennedy had never dreamed. Mrs. Rice got Mrs. Kennedy to doll up—buy clothes, get "facials" and a "permanent." They taught her to drink cocktails. Mrs. Kennedy would take them out to dinner and then to the opera. And in her enthusiasm for the life Mrs. Kennedy would tip head waiters twenty dollars, stick greenbacks on the orchestra leader's baton—regular John W. Gates stuff.

Then Mike Peters asked her to marry him, and she jumped at the chance. She had the banns called three times in church. And she bought a beautiful home in Flatbush for him—two baths in it and lovely parquet flooring throughout, with the most stunning stained glass fixtures. Each one of them must have cost forty dollars!

Then came the day of the wedding. There she was at the church, in a stunning going-away gown, with all of her acquaintances to look on and wonder, and two new wardrobe trunks at home packed with Fifth Avenue underwear and fur-trimmed negligees that would trail half way across a room.

But Mike Peters didn't turn up. Wherever he was, he had with him eighty thousand dollars she had given him.

Well, her friends reported it to the police, and I was put on the case. Fortunately, Mrs. Kennedy had some of Peters' clothing, so that I got his laundry mark and found where he lived.

After tracing him to Buffalo and back, we caught him. He was married and had four children. He was brought to trial.

Mrs. Kennedy was there and so were a lot of witnesses. Then they brought in Mike Peters. She no sooner laid eyes on him than she let out a cry like a peacock and, rushing over, threw herself on his breast. She withdrew the charge. The case was dismissed. They left the courtroom together.

As for Mrs. Kennedy, her broken heart was too much for her. She died shortly afterward, poor thing. What became of Peters I don't know.

So there are three of my adventures. Of course, I have had a thousand other adventures and have seen some terrible things. It is a nerve-wracking life, and if there hadn't been a decent living in it for myself and my children I would never have gone into it.

THE END

Why Worry?
about whether you are making a good impression or not?
Make sure of a reputation for good taste—(it's easy if you always bring Romance Selections!)
Romance Chocolates are made especially as *gift chocolates*. That explains the care taken in the choice of their ingredients—their rich, smooth chocolate coatings and the wide variety of popular pieces in each box.
Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.
Cox Confectionery Company
Boston, Mass.
ROMANCE SELECTIONS
ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Geraldine Farrar and Her Father

By
BRENDA UELAND

Edwin F. Townsend Photo

A clear, tanned skin, light gray eyes, flawless teeth, and a handsome, big, imperious nose with a bump in the middle of it like a Roman emperor's—that's Geraldine Farrar.

A Sprightly Pen Picture of a Dazzling Diva Who Eats a Lot, Works Like the Devil, and Thinks Women Today Are "in a Bad Fix"—and the Gay Gentleman Who Gave Up Baseball to Make Her an Opera Star

GERALDINE FARRAR says she owes her career to her parents. If you didn't know and were asked to guess what her father was, you might guess he was a cello player, or an Italian opera singer, or a California lawyer, or a Southern gentleman, but you probably wouldn't hit on it.

He was a professional ball player. His name was Sid Farrar (pronounced Fairer). Most of the year he lived in Melrose, Massachusetts, where he had a men's furnishing store. But in summer he and his wife and their child, Geraldine, went to Philadelphia. He was first baseman on the Philadelphia team in the National League Club and one of the most famous ball players of the '80s.

Not only that, but the fans called him Handsome Sid, because he was such a big and comely young man. And he must have had some sense of his own picturesqueness, because the story goes that when on the diamond he always wore, just below his left knee, a satin garter.

"I had remarkable parents," says Geraldine Farrar. "They had little education and no money. They had a child, myself, born when my mother was eighteen and my father twenty-one. From the day of my birth they brought me up to be an opera star. New England parents as a rule are a cautious lot. It is 'Don't do this' and 'Don't do that,' 'Be careful,' 'People will talk.' I was a rambunctious child, but they gave me a long, loose rein. And that is why I grew up to be daring and enterprising.

"That I was to be an opera diva was primarily my mother's idea. My father was so full of admiration for her that he let her lead. As a small-town girl my mother had dreamed about being an opera singer herself. But then I was born, and the hard work of taking care of a baby snuffed her personal ambition. She transferred this to me.

"She was an extraordinary woman: a frail little thing with fire inside. She knew how to urge me on and make me learn things without nagging me. She was so kind; let me do as I wished; never restrained me or jerked me up. She was a good audience, always full of admiration for the things I did and laughter for my antics. This gave me the most blessed thing in the world—self-assurance. The aim of most parents appears to be to destroy self-assurance in their young, always trying to take them down a peg or two for fear they will be spoiled—never realizing that self-assurance is the very thing for the lack of which almost everybody in the world is suffering.

"Another thing, thirty-five years ago the stage was the devil's stamping ground. But my mother set her teeth in the midst of all her straight-laced relatives. I was to go on the stage. I was to be a star.

"She taught me to sing before I could talk. She studied French and Italian so that she could teach them to me. I suppose it could be said of me that I learned to speak French without accent, without French accent. But I learned it just the same.

"And how wise she was! She taught me to sing everything from memory. This early habit has been invaluable—to learn to stand anywhere at ease and sing and let myself go. Another thing, she taught me to sing just as I wanted to, just as I felt. I wasn't trained in the affectations and mannerisms of the vocal student—the staring eyes, the perpetual smile, the hands held demurely over the cardiac region. That is why it has been possible for me to be flexible and individual in my interpretation of roles, and original, if I am that.

"So I say parents shouldn't repress their children. It only makes them timid. And, worse than that, feverish and perverse. Let

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

You don't have to do this

THE unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style. You really don't need to be troubled this way.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—Listerine.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE *—the safe antiseptic*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

them grow as they will and be exuberant."

When Geraldine Farrar was seventeen her parents took their greatest chance. Her father sold his little store and Mrs. Farrar borrowed some money. Then father and mother and pretty daughter went abroad. It was a big risk. But Mrs. Farrar would say again and again, in her thoughtful voice, that she and her husband were really very young. She was then only thirty-five and he three years older. If this venture fell through, she'd say, they would go home and work hard and pay their debts and begin life over again. That was in 1898.

U. & U. Photo

Lou Tellegen—the stage's Great Lover and "handsomest man" when he married Geraldine Farrar. His career as her husband was brief.

Edwin F. Townsend Photo

Geraldine Farrar as Carmen, a role into which, she says, she has put some "real pep."

THIS anxious little American family first went to Paris. After a few months they went to Berlin. Geraldine studied and practiced. Her mother listened to her with everlasting patience, continually mulling over the effect of this teacher and that on her daughter's talents; studying French and Italian; learning more and more musical lore; thinking hard about the interpretations of opera roles by the great stars of that day.

As for Sid Farrar, was he disconsolate in Europe? A fish out of water?

"Not at all," says his daughter. "He even found some men to play ball with."

In 1901 something wonderful—for the Farrars—happened in Berlin. The director of the Royal Opera there, after hearing the very young Geraldine sing in private, was so impressed with her voice and beauty that he sent for her and said:

"This is an unusual thing I am offering. I will let you sing three roles at the Royal Opera and pay you for it. But you must sign a contract with me for three years. If you succeed, the contract will hold. If you are a failure, it will not."

More than that, the director permitted her to sing in Italian, as she did not yet know German. It was the rule that all others must sing in German at the Royal Opera.

So she sang before the Kaiser, who was so pleased that he asked her to be presented to him and patted her on the shoulder and said many kind, fatherly things. This was the beginning of her success and led to many other European engagements.

Then she conquered her own country. It was November, 1906. The Metropolitan Opera Company in New York was offering Gounod's Romeo et Juliette.

"A young American girl of modest parents named Geraldine Farrar, who has been in Germany several years," said the newspapers, "will sing *Juliette*. And a poor young man named M. Rousseliere, who was not so long ago a stone mason, will be cast as *Romeo*."

Mrs. Farrar, quiet but alert, stood in the wings. Sid Farrar, the handsome ex-ball player, full of painful anxiety, sat in one of the less ostentatious seats in the audience.

Bachrach Photo

Sidney D. Farrar, Geraldine's father, as he looks today.

At the right: Sid Farrar when he played first base on the Philadelphia Nationals back in the '80s, and was one of the most famous ball players of his time.

U. & U. Photo

But that first American audience was carried away in raptures of delight. The critics the next day spoke of the touching youth of these two new artists, of their radiance and pliant slenderness, a thing to be commented upon indeed among so many singers of ample girth and weight.

Success again! And since then, twenty years of being, with Mary Garden, the most loved and picturesque of opera stars.

Geraldine Farrar's last day at the Metropolitan Opera House—April 21, 1922—was memorable. Her reasons for leaving are unknown. And perhaps there were no reasons other than that she wished to undertake a venture of her own—namely: to tour the country in Carmen in her own company, which she has been doing ever since. Anyway, that was a momentous day.

The day before Geraldine was to leave about five hundred girls and women, who styled themselves "Gerryflappers" on account of their admiration for her, were invited to her dressing room. There they were given souvenirs from her costumes, stage jewels, wigs, and other paraphernalia. It had been their intention to present her with a gold wreath. But, like Cæsar, she "refused the crown."

It was a matinee. She was singing *Zaza*. The house was packed. As much as two hundred dollars was offered speculators for two seats. Before the curtain went up the demonstration started mildly with paper stars and balloons marked "G. F." thrown from the upper boxes.

After the second act an enormous silk banner inscribed with "None But You. The Gerryflappers" was borne up to her on the stage. She was presented with a silk crown, which she put on, and carried a scepter.

After the third act the excitement became furious and there was a barrage of bouquets that literally covered the stage. And after the last curtain a rope was swung across the house from balcony to balcony from which there was unfurled a great white banner bearing the words, "Farrar! Hurrah! Hurrah! Farrar!"

And then she made a speech.

"TWENTY years ago I hoped, prayed, and slaved that I might achieve success in this house," the diva said. "I wanted to be a prophetess in my own country. But I never dreamed it would be like this. In the corner down there are two people, my mother and father, with love in their hearts and full of joy. Their pride and faith have been justified.

"Has George Cohan stopped crying?" [Mr. Cohan—the famous George M.—was sitting in the dress circle.] "I don't want a tear in this house."

Someone shouted, "We have buckets. We can't help it. We all love you, Gerry."

"If I died tonight," she concluded, "I would not regret it. Now I must go. Good-by. Believe that I love you all dearly."

She was borne out the Fortieth Street en-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Ci...* ...W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

NEW YORK is building some more of those subways under the ground. No use building any more, people can't find their way out of the ones they got now. There's people down underground in New York that haven't been up for years. New York people are just like a lot of Gophers; every time they see a hole in the ground they grab a nickel and duck for it. If they keep on living underground, in two more generations their children will have fur like a rat.

What's this Subway got to do with 'Bull' Durham?

Nothing.

What do people outside New York care about how New Yorkers live?

Nothing.

But there is an old saying that one half the world don't know how the other half live, so I am telling you how they live, not as an Ad but as a fact. Five Million Ground Hogs in New York rush through life missing one Train and being shoved into the next. The real trouble is that they can't smoke 'Bull' Durham down there.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be a different piece in this paper two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

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Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

trance on the shoulders of two men and carried through the crowd to an automobile. People in the windows overlooking the street threw flowers and confetti upon her. Protected by policemen, she got into the open car. She was still in her red *Zaza* wig and carried the diadem given her a few hours before. The car moved slowly up Broadway and the Gerryflappers followed it and cheered and wept while she bowed and smiled—until at last she was gone.

A few years ago the public's taste for romance was fulfilled when Geraldine Farrar married Lou Tellegen. He was at that time the stage's Great Lover; to many the handsomest man in the world. As the fiction writers like to say, he was lean as a greyhound. He had a beautiful high-bridged profile and wore his hair long behind the ears; his manner was cosmopolitan and graceful, due partly to a soft and subtly foreign accent, for he is a Dutchman.

Well, Geraldine Farrar married Lou Tellegen and when the reporters went to see her she confidently asserted that their marriage would be different and more fortunate than most marriages, because they respected each other; each had an equally important and interesting career to work upon; they would permit each other to be individuals rather than mere adjuncts.

BUT after a few years they were divorced. Geraldine said to me that there was no sense in talking about the reasons therefor. And, even if she did, she added, they were too intricate and complicated to be explained. She did, however, vouchsafe this much: that she never felt more spirited and exuberant than now.

And this is what Geraldine is like now. When she came into the room in which I met her Geraldine was not as tall as I thought she was. She has a clear, tanned skin, and in this her light gray eyes are startling and luminous. She has flawless teeth and smiles and laughs a great deal when she talks. A handsome, big, imperious nose, with a bump in the middle of it like a Roman emperor's.

She is sturdily built and muscular: narrow through from front to back, but she has big shoulders and round Michelangeloesque arms. She is unaffected, friendly, and voluble. She wore a black silk dress and a small, dark hat. She has thick, smooth, silver hair, glimmering like taffeta, the color of pewter against her saffron skin.

And this is what she said:

"I am so energetic. I work like the devil. I know I tire out everybody. And when the others who are working with me are staggering around on shaky knees I am

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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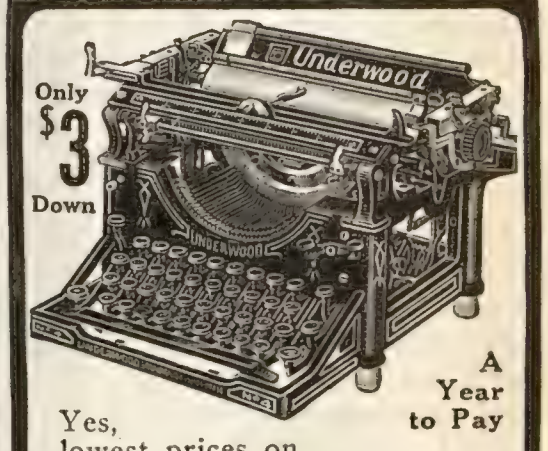

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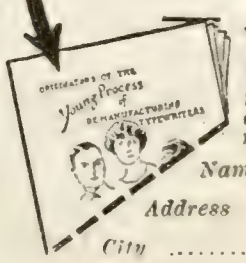

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

still bounding here and there and ordering things done. I look around at so many other people, so languid that they seem half alive—sticks, pipe stems, with narrow chests, sagging chins. No force. No gusto. But I am stronger than an army mule, and I show it.

"And that vitality is why people like me. I am now singing Carmen. It is my own venture, my own company and production. I get letters begging me to make the fight with the cigarette girl as good as it was in the movies. So I please them by showing them a real scrap; knock my opponent down; pull her around; kick her in the face in a lusty way. Not really, of course, but I put some real pep in the thing. And that is what people less vigorous than myself like to see. Perhaps it gives them a vicarious satisfaction.

"I can't tell you how hard I work to please the public. Every night when I am singing I put my whole force in an effort to win over some reluctant person in the audience."

BUT could she see such a person from the stage? "I see everything," she explained. "I have eyes in the back of my head. And in trying to please people I am more alert than a fox terrier, and I put the exertion of a prize fighter into it. Not just by making pretty noises. That is the least of it. I try all sorts of things: seduction, sadness, violence. And all through a performance I'll be working on some indifferent person until I see that at last he is beginning to have a good time. But the real secret of winning people is this: I like them, and with all my heart."

"Why are you so energetic? How do you do that?"

"I eat a lot. I like a fine big steak. Then I work all the time. I like to move fast and stretch and think hard. Then I jump up and carry out what I have thought. I sleep seven and a half hours. I don't drink or smoke, because I like feeling fit so much better. And I keep fit simply because I am reasonable.

"And I have never been a victim in a beauty parlor. And I never will be.

"As for conduct, I think everybody should do what gives them satisfaction. If it gives you satisfaction to go out and commit harakiri with a kitchen knife, do it, by all means. If it gives you satisfaction to have twenty lovers, do it. But I assure you you won't find contentment in either of these things. No sense of fulfillment. Only feverishness and empty excitement.

"Work is the only thing, at least for me. I can't tell you what satisfaction comes from making one's own way independent of everyone, and, by it, giving security and happiness to a few who surround you.

"The trouble with most women is that they are afraid. Sheep! Afraid of what their neighbors say. Afraid of men, who, I assure you, rather resent women who are successful. They fear it and the resultant independence. I set up a clamor to all the women I know—don't be afraid of inhibitions. Stand up. Be yourselves. Do what you best like. I can sympathize with them. They are in a bad fix and it's greatly Nature's fault.

"If they don't have children they are unhappy. And if they do, they feel cheated because they can't step out and make independent livings for themselves—making and spending their own money. As for children and a career like mine, they cannot be combined. At least, I couldn't do it. To leave a small child, with its perceptions as delicate as one of those laboratory scales under glass, to the impersonal care of some person less tender and vigilant than its natural protector—well, I couldn't do it, and no career would be worth it.

"As for those parasites who are incumbered with more diamonds than sense and who can't even bathe a Pekingese, they should have the ax. Capital punishment—that's the thing for drones, idlers, gossips, and the whole kit and caboodle of them.

"Don't think I don't like men. I do. I haven't a thing against them collectively. But it is a strange and anachronistic thing—I want them to show every consideration and courtesy to women. Alas! Your lover ceases to kiss your hand and rise from his chair at your coming when he enters into the easy slippers of the husband.

"Perhaps I have taken too much credit for my vigor. It is more likely that I was born with it. My father is a wonderfully strong and handsome man. He was once a crack baseball player, a first baseman, if that means anything to you. And how he enjoys himself! He lives on a farm; has cows and things, and loves to drink Scotch with the minister. He is very sociable and he has the most engaging frankness, although it is sometimes sort of embarrassing. For instance, some people called on him and immediately began pumping him about me and hinting they wanted to know me.

"'Well,' he said, 'I might as well say it now as later. You come to see me all you want to. But if you go to see her, she might take you in, and then she might kick you out.' Isn't that delightful? You ought to go up and see him. He's a darling."

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT!

THE JACKAL, the snake, the monkey, the wolf. Thus George S. Dougherty, formerly chief of detectives in the New York police department, graphically describes the various types of thieves who break in and steal.

How they work, the deadly menace of their resourcefulness, their desperation when they are caught—above all, what to do when you find one in your house—are told in detail by Mr. Dougherty in the coming issue. Watch for his stimulating, common-sense article called

HOW TO TREAT A BURGLAR

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

SO I went to see Mr. Sid Farrar in Ridgefield, an old village in the hills of Connecticut, about twenty miles inland from Long Island Sound. He lives on a thirty acre farm a mile out of the village. There was a blizzard that day and the driveway goes past a big barn, in the courtyard of which there were a lot of cows gazing disconsolately with their beautiful eyes through the falling snow.

A maid in tennis shoes let me in and it was warm inside and thickly carpeted with blue and yellow Chinese rugs. The maid lit the fire in the grate and then Mr. Farrar came in. He looks like his daughter; the same tanned skin, big sculptured nose, and bright gray eyes. He has big, muscular, smooth hands like those of a youth, with a couple of crooked finger ends—"dinged fingers," they are called by ball players. His hair is gray and grows as thickly on his forehead as a schoolboy's.

"You want to talk to me? There's nothing to say. But go ahead and ask me anything. Now, I came out here two years ago, after my wife died. Now, you wouldn't think a man of my age could come way out here in the country and live all alone summer and winter and enjoy it like I do.

"Oh, Lord, no! I don't want to. My daughter gave me all this. I got some cows and a couple of farm hands and I go out and tell them things to do. We have our own milk and butter and vegetables. I've got a fine cook. Then I've got a lot of fine neighbors. I go to New York once in a while and take lunch at the Lambs'. But I don't go to the theater much. I was once this year to Bridgeport when my daughter sang there. But that's about all."

"Do you like to hear her sing?"

"Oh, sure. I like music, and so did my wife. We used to sing in the choir. Then my wife got the idea to make our daughter a grand opera singer. And I give her all the credit, because you know my wife was a wonderful woman. Why, she was one of the smartest women I have ever heard of. She used to make the most wonderful contracts with the operas and the moving pictures. Now, for instance, Samuel Goldwyn (his name was really Goldfish, you know) wanted my daughter to play in the moving pictures. Well, my wife sat there just as level-headed and made the best contract you ever heard of. She fixed it that my daughter had a five-year contract with fifteen weeks out of the year at ten thousand dollars a week. And, not only that, but they had to pay her the Monday morning before the week started.

"But what beats me is that I enjoy myself here so much. I would have never thought I would like it so much; it's so quiet and peaceful. I want you to see this house. Now, this house is a hundred and forty years old, but would you ever think it? Look here in the dining room. See how they cut out that wall and put in a bay window? They must have got an architect to do it. I think he must have been pretty good, too. Don't it look that way to you?"

The dining room furniture was yellow lacquer and had many flowering curves. What was it?

"Oh, Lord! I don't know. Louis Quince or something. My daughter put it here. This summer she's coming out here to her place. She's got a bigger house than this, but not so much land with it. And I can tell you when she's out here she just wears gingham dresses. And she don't wear pearls, either."

Did he go to baseball games?

"I don't bother with the big games much. But I go to see the boys play around here—Bridgeport and Ridgefield teams and such. Some of the boys are darn good, too."

Does he ever take a hand in a game?

"Me? I'm too old. But baseball is a wonderful game now for exercise. It isn't like football, where you're liable to get hurt. But in baseball now every once in a while you get just a nice run to get your appetite up for more."

"How do you pronounce your name, Mr. Farrar?"

"Well, now that's funny you should ask me. It's Furrah" [to rhyme with hurrah]. "But just the other day a man at the Lambs' said to me, 'Sid, what the hell is your name, anyway—Fairer or Furrah?'

"'Well,' I said, 'Bill, it's like this: When we went abroad they all got to saying it "Furrah." The foreigners started that. But up in Boston they always used to call it "Fairer." So I'll bet you anything that's what it really is.'"

THE END

A Short Love Story of a Girl Who Changed Her Mind

"That's Politics"

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

MR. KINKEAD was plainly disposed to end the interview. He had tapped on the desk with his pencil, and he had looked at his watch. These suggestions having failed, he rose and directed his eyes toward his secretary's desk, visible through the opened door of his private office.

The man on the other side of the mahogany table got up reluctantly, his bitter, suppliant eyes clinging to the important man.

"If I'd guessed that things would go like this," he said, "I would never have dreamed of going into the fight. I can't even get my old job back now. They're all sore."

"Sorry, McLean," Mr. Kinkead broke in, "very sorry. We were glad to contribute to your campaign and all that and sorry to see you lose. But you couldn't get the women back of you. You have to take your chance in these things, you know. That's politics."

"Well—these things are rough on a man with a family. I certainly got mine."

McLean sagged out of the office. Mr. Kinkead did not permit himself more than a glance of cold satisfaction at the back of the retreating man. He turned to Leslie, his eyes resting on her agreeably.

"Anything new, Miss Gibson?"

"Mr. Dean is outside."

"Ask him to come in."

This time the door was shut. But Leslie knew what they were discussing. She handled all the private correspondence and important telephone messages of Mr. Kinkead. The composite laugh that drifted through the transom was at the expense of the defeated McLean.

Leslie did not have much sympathy for McLean. He was too obviously crooked. But she hated the way he had been double-crossed, the way they had both run him and defeated him, so that he might be killed off politically.

She typed some letters while the conference went on inside. Then the door reopened and the conversation became clear.

"That woman vote will have to be lined up. It was very tricky in the primaries," said Mr. Kinkead.

"They're hard to get hold of," answered Dean, chewing his cigar. "Damned hard."

"Who are the leading women in that sort of thing?"

"Mrs. Bryson——"

"She won't do. The women won't stand for her since that unfortunate affair of hers. There must be others."

"Would Mrs. Kinkead——"

"No—no," answered Kinkead, decisively. "Certainly not. She doesn't mix up in this sort of thing at all. There are some of these clubwomen you ought to line up."

"Maybe Miss Gibson would help us," suggested Dean, facetiously, suddenly conscious of Leslie's profile and wishing for a full view.

In the women's headquarters the hours ticked off on election night. In the midst of it Leslie realized suddenly that this was what had had such a hold on her father.

He failed. Leslie did not turn. Mr. Kinkead, however, seemed to consider the suggestion.

"There must be quite a vote among the business girls," he said reflectively. "How do the business women stand, on the whole?"

He pointed the question right at Leslie, and she was forced into response.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

The men looked at her approvingly. Her lovely oval face, from which the smooth brown hair grew back with such perfect evenness, satisfied them both. And she had made exactly the right response. They had very little liking for political women.

"Well—give your mind to that, Dean," said Kinkead. "Figure out a way to line up the women. And I'll ask Mrs. Jamison about it. She had a lot of experience in Washington when she and the Senator were there, and she may have some ideas."

He spoke Mrs. Jamison's name with great dignity, and Dean received it with equal respect. Dean was political boss, but not on terms of social equality with people like the Jamisons of Cosmopolis and Washington.

"Mrs. Jamison's just the woman to go over it with," he agreed; "but, of course, we want to get hold of the ordinary women, too."

"Oh, well—fans—pictures—buttons. Women take those trinkets seriously," Kinkead said.

Dean went out; the atmosphere of the office changed. Mr. Kinkead turned to his correspondence, and, as matters purely legal engrossed him, his voice lost its savor of intrigue.

IT was noon. Mr. Kinkead went off for his two hours of lunch and bridge. Leslie put aside the letters she was working on and adjusted a soft-brimmed, green straw hat before the little office mirror. Impersonality dropped from her. She stood waiting, eager.

Twenty slow minutes passed before the door opened and he came through the outer office, a brisk, well-tailored young man with eyes that were eager, like Leslie's. After a swift glance around they slipped into each other's arms.

"Did I keep you waiting?".

"Twenty precious minutes, Dave, but I don't mind now. I was so afraid you'd been kept in court and couldn't get away."

"Where do we lunch? No—don't go just yet, Leslie. I haven't seen you for three days and I can't kiss you in the elevator."

She gave him another chance, then drew away.

"Let's eat as quickly as we can because I want you to come over to Darrow's and look at some furniture in the showrooms."

They stood before it critically a half hour later, because they knew it was important. This graceful little black enameled table with tiny groups of painted flowers and fruit on the edges, and the chairs that went with it, suggested the delight of a dinner together, or shared with a few friends.

"How much is the set?" asked Leslie.

The salesman had to look in a book, so great was his assumed indifference to prices.

"Four hundred and ninety-eight for the seven pieces. The buffet with the red hinges is a hundred more. It's most carefully made."

Leslie shook her head and turned away.

"We can't have that," she sighed. "Come along, Dave, before I cry over it."

"Why can't we have it?"

"Why, it's too expensive. It's really half of what we meant to spend."

"Oh, well—we'll see."

THEY took their leave of the salesman and Leslie cast a last regretful look at the table.

"Wouldn't you like to have everything you want?" she sighed as they reached the street.

"Maybe you can have everything."

"Not now. But some time, when you're trying cases before the Supreme Court for marvelous fees, we'll have a table like that."

"Why wait so long?"

There was a suggestion in his tone.

"What do you mean?"

"You know—I think I'm going to make quite a bit of money this year."

"More new business?"

"You bet it is. You know what delayed me this noon? I'll tell you. Kent Mason was in the office this noon. Know what he asked me to do? To manage his campaign!"

"His campaign?"

"He's running for the Senate."

"You don't suppose that I'm in Mr. Kinkead's office and don't know that! But you won't do it, Dave!"

"Why not? There's big money in it."

"What kind of money!"

"No—I don't mean graft. You don't understand. What I mean is this. Mason wants a young man who will line up the young vote. He is fed up with the old line politicians and their influence is going, anyway. You know how McLean got licked for Congress."

"Yes, I know exactly how."

He paid no attention to that.

"Well, Mason says that I can handle his whole political campaign, and more than that, if he goes to the Senate—and of course he will—he wants me to build up an organization here for him and keep it alive. I've always wanted to get into politics."

"You have?" cried Leslie.

"It's in my blood," said Dave. "My uncle was Governor of the State, in the old days, you know. I was brought up on it."

"And you like it?"

"What's the matter, Leslie?"

"Oh, don't do it. Please. Tell Mr. Mason you can't do it. Stick to your job, Dave. I know it's slow, but I don't care."

"How about the pretty furniture?"

"I don't want it."

"Well, I want you to have it. Besides, you don't seem to get the idea, Leslie. This is a big chance. It means going to Washington now and then, meeting big people——"

"I know what it means. I've seen it in Mr. Kinkead's office. It's a dirty, low business. I've hated politics all my life. Oh, my dear, my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

father tried it. I was brought up in it, too. I haven't talked about it. I never dreamed you were interested in that sort of thing."

They stood on a street corner. He regarded her, irritated, as a man is when his big news has been punctured by a disappointing reception.

"Be reasonable, Leslie. Let me tell you about it."

"I know political explanations——"

"Of course, if you take that tone," he said huffily.

"Please," she urged, "give it up now, Dave. It's a horrid hole-and-corner business."

He laughed at that, and she grew very grave.

"I couldn't marry a man who went into politics."

"Now, don't be absurd. What's got into you, Leslie?"

They walked to the door of Leslie's office. She turned again, swiftly.

"Please tell me you'll refuse that offer, Dave."

He was hurt and aggrieved and not a little annoyed.

"I'm sorry I can't do that. You let me explain to you more about it."

Leslie grew very stiff, almost menacing.

"You won't?"

"My dear Leslie, a man can't let his business be run for him."

"That's the end, then."

Even that did not stampede him. He had an answer ready, but his mouth had grown set. A man opened the door of the offices of Kinkead & Stoughton and came out. It was Mr. Mason, suave and gray and well-mannered.

"Hello, Appleton. Could I speak to you a moment?"

Leslie went into the office which she had left so blithely and sat down at her desk conscious of cold misery; misery and determination. Never in the world would she marry a man who was going into politics.

The afternoon passed wretchedly. Released at last from her work, she lingered, waiting for a telephone call. It came, with Dave as cheerful as possible.

"Hello, darling. Not still cross at me?"

"Did you tell Mr. Mason you couldn't do that?" she asked.

"No; I told him I would. But——"

"There isn't any 'but,'" she said. "I don't want to talk, Dave. I'm through."

II.

LESLIE'S family lived in the same house which they had occupied when she was a child, though how they had managed to hang on to it during all those impoverished years was a mystery. Tonight, as she went up the short length of walk leading to the door, she felt again the sick dislike with which she had so often approached it when she was a little girl.

Her mother was in the kitchen, getting supper. Dora, the deaf older sister, was runing a sewing machine upstairs.

Leslie looked in the kitchen door, and Mrs. Gibson looked back at her daughter with the expression of a woman who feels the world has treated her badly: dragged at the mouth, bitter in the eyes.

"How's everything?" asked Leslie.

"It's hot, and I'm tired. You look tired, too," said her mother, "and you well may be, slaving all day in that office. Why doesn't your father earn enough so you won't have to work yourself to death?"

"Where's father?"

"I don't know. Hanging around the grocery talking politics, I suppose. Are you going out tonight?"

"Not tonight."

"That man coming out here?"

Leslie shook her head dully.

Her father came in as she went upstairs. She heard him put his hat down on the little oak hall table and the rustle of the evening paper beside it.

Her mother's shrill voice climbed the stairs and echoed in Leslie's room.

"Hanging around talking politics when you ought to be working, I suppose!"

There was a man's vague protest, and the indictment continued.

LESLIE could remember when it had been different. It had been different up to the time she was fifteen years old, when her father had run for Congress.

There had been weeks of excitement, shared by the children. Anticipations scurried around this very house. There was to be new wallpaper in the dining room and a chandelier of colored glass. Once her mother laughed and said, "Maybe we'll have an automobile, Joe."

The children knew well enough that the climax to all this importance and excitement was election day—the day that their father went away early and didn't come home until late. Their mother put them to bed and went about, singing softly. Later that night, when something had awakened Leslie out of her first sleep, she heard her father and her mother talking. The horrid broken sound of her mother's voice had horrified Leslie.

"But, Joe, they said it was certain. They said you had it. The campaign cost you nearly a thousand dollars."

"I know, dear. It looked like a sure thing."

"But what happened?"

"Jacobs double-crossed me."

"Why, he's your friend! He's the one who wanted you to run."

Her father sighed a long, tired sigh.

"I know. But that's politics."

There was a pause, but Leslie knew it wasn't a pause of peace. Then her mother's voice, heavy with tears, bitter with disappointment, had come tearing through the silence.

"That's politics, is it? Well, I hate them. I'll hate you if you ever go into them again."

Lying still and frightened, Leslie had hated politics, too.

The next day Leslie remembered as the beginning of a long, gray period. She gathered the disgrace from newspaper headlines which said "Gibson Snowed Under in Race for Congress." Father was not going to Congress. There was no new wallpaper in the dining room, no chandelier, no automobile. There was very little money. Dora's deafness grew worse. Many things dated from that election.

Mr. Gibson never entered another political battle, but in a queer, tenacious way he clung to his political interests.

All this surged up in Leslie's mind to the tune of the scolding below. This was what Dave proposed for her. It wasn't unusual. This was what was going on in McLean's house tonight, probably. McLean had thought, a little late, of his wife and family!

She slept badly. The next morning when she arrived at the office she read Dave's special delivery letter. Dave was reasonable in it. He pointed out that a man must reserve the right to make certain judgments and then he attacked her prejudice. He knew that if Leslie looked into these things she would see how much good it would do to be associated with a man of the fine caliber of Mr. Mason. Wouldn't she forget it and lunch with him?

She would not lunch with him. He telephoned and she told him, stiffly, that she had not changed her mind. After that he did not call her again nor write her and all days looked alike to Leslie—ugly and gray and monotonous.

Mr. Brice Kinkead knew, through some unused, almost unconscious instinct, that Leslie was changing. In the weeks that followed, though she maintained her work at its level of perfection, he knew that she was emotionally exposed. That she had become more interesting through her suffering was possible. Mr. Kinkead was no psychologist. He only knew that she disturbed him.

One Saturday afternoon he found himself alone in the office with her, the rain beating furiously outside, and that abandoned, melancholy, alluring look on her face. For a man with a good-looking wife who won golf championships, he acted abominably, though not for long. Not for long because Leslie denounced him mercilessly, even as she put on her hat.

"Don't you dare," she said, "I'm never coming back here! I'm tired of your work, your undercurrents, your tricks on people, your political cruelties. I'm going to get work in an office that isn't full of intrigue—or I'll scrub floors!"

Mr. Kinkead's amorousness disappeared completely in his consciousness that he had brought trouble on himself. This girl knew far too much and she might turn ugly.

"Whatever you have learned in this office is confidential," he said. "There are grave legal penalties attaching to breaches of confidence. And as for my offer of friendship, don't misunderstand me——"

"Oh!" cried Leslie, and slammed the door on him, leaving him to solve the situation alone, which he did in a pompous letter sent next day to her home, regretting that she found it necessary to make a change, enclosing a cheque for a month's extra salary and offering, in grave dignity, to recommend her services elsewhere at her pleasure.

Leslie gave the extra cheque to her mother who looked at it with tears in her eyes.

IT was not easy to find a new job. Times were hard in a Presidential year and money tight. As a stenographer at common wages Leslie could have placed herself a dozen times. But it wasn't the kind of work she could afford to do. The hunt began to show in her face and in her manner. She registered with an agency which placed secretaries, and read advertisements. Two weeks passed. There was no word from Dave. Then the agency sent for her.

"Mrs. Jamison, the wife of Senator Jamison, wants a secretary, Miss Gibson."

"What kind of work is it?"

"She does a great deal of civic and political work."

"I'm not interested. No—how much does she pay?"

"That depends. She's gone up to two hundred."

"All right. I'll see her," said Leslie.

So it was that she sat in a delicate chair upholstered in exquisite needlepoint and faced Mrs. Jamison. She saw the beautifully polished mechanism of Mrs. Jamison's home and the carefully correct dress of Mrs. Jamison and then forgot both luxury and clothes in watching the face of the Senator's wife. It was a face lit by intelligence, thinned by hard work, and calmed by experience—and Leslie was charmed.

"There's some of my personal correspondence to look after, but it's not a social secretary that I want," said Mrs. Jamison. "I want

someone to help me with the political work I naturally have to undertake—to share it with me closely. You like politics?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't. I probably won't do," said Leslie.

Mrs. Jamison looked at her closely and noticed the discouraged eyes. The girl looked very competent and lovely and her eyes might change if she were interested.

"Why not try it? For a month, and if we don't get on we'll waste no further time."

"Very well," said Leslie.

They had no office at first, but worked in the big Jamison library. There Leslie wrote letters and interviewed women and sat in on dozens of conferences. Gradually she began to see what was happening and little by little to link it up with the other world she knew about; the world which was the hinterland of the great law office of Kinkead & Stoughton. The campaign was on, a red-hot campaign sizzling in the precincts, in the counties, in the districts, and all over the country. Leslie typed letters and listened, and once in a while made a suggestion.

"You have natural political sense," said Mrs. Jamison one day.

"I don't like politics," repeated Leslie, flushing.

"How do you know so much about them, then?"

"My father was a politician—and I learned a lot in Kinkead & Stoughton's."

Mrs. Jamison shrugged.

"Poor place to learn. The old gum-shoe type isn't very inspiring. There are a few new men coming in who look promising. It's a big thing to get Kent Mason running for Congress. He's honest. And the young fellow managing his campaign has the best political head I've seen in a long while. A young fellow called David Appleton."

LESLIE turned away, her face flushed. But Mrs. Jamison did not notice.

"We've got to put Mason in, you see, and the women will have to do it. Frankly, your old chief, Mr. Kinkead, is opposing it secretly. He won't come out against Mason, but he's working sub rosa."

"I know how he does it and I know whom he works with."

"Well, then, let's go after it. Let's get out a woman vote for Mason that will surprise everyone. Let's get the women who don't usually vote, the women who take no interest."

Leslie had a vision of her mother bending over the stove, hating politics because they'd cheated her of youth and ambition.

"If you could get the faith back in women who think politics has to be a dirty game, that would be something."

"Well, why not?" asked Mrs. Jamison. "Politics are exactly what we make them. That's politics they say, when they should say that's human viciousness, or treachery, or stupidity. You've got to lose, sometimes, but you really needn't cheat. That's what these men don't see. That's why I turned down Mr. Kinkead when he asked me to handle his little campaign among the women."

"Did you?" asked Leslie, in delight.

"I certainly did."

"But you kept right on in politics."

"Why not? My job is to help get Mr. Mason in and to deliver a good candidate to the women, for once."

"I can tell you just how Mr. Kinkead will play it with the women," offered Leslie. "He'll have buttons and fans."

"And we'll have votes," finished Mrs. Jamison.

Crowded halls, full of people listening to speeches from platforms, precinct maps like vast picture-puzzles, vote analyses like geometric problems, faces like crude drawings, intrigue like romance, wits crossing brilliantly—that was what Leslie saw in the weeks that followed. She began to love the work. She found herself, one night, talking things over with her father in eager discussion, surprised at the resource of his suggestions.

"You ought to have talked it out years ago," said Leslie. "It's the best game in the world, isn't it father?"

The old, gray, flabby man patted her hand. "I always said so, my dear. It's a science."

All the time Leslie knew what was coming. Inevitably would arrive the day when she would run into David and tell him what she was doing and he would laugh and she would laugh and they would drift again into each other's arms. He was campaigning the district with Mason, so she had had no chance to see him. Then, one day at a luncheon meeting, she got her blow full face. Two women close to her were talking.

"Who says politics don't breed romance?"

"What now?"

"Betty Mason and her father's campaign manager. That nice young Appleton. They're crazy about each other."

"BETTY MASON'S a fool. If anyone ever got talking about her escapades, it would hurt her father. She's not bad, but she's so uncertain. There's a story——"

Everything went a little awry before Leslie's eyes as she listened to the story. The world tipped at a dangerous angle. Mason, father of the girl who had captured Dave. Mason! Violently she hoped he'd be beaten. Beaten so that the girl would be ashamed—beaten anyway. That would hurt Dave. He might not get that girl, then.

She listened to what they were saying, figuring out cannily the ways to frustrate their plans. If she went to Mr. Kinkead, or to Dean, and told what these women planned, so the opposition could get its work in first and nullify all this, it might be done. Why should she work for Mason?

"I suppose," she said

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

"Oh, you've heard that, have you?" He hung onto her arm, pulling her close to him.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

to her father that night, "that you could do a good deal of harm by carrying news from one camp to another, particularly if they had planned some political strategy to get out the vote of the women, by starting a cross-campaign along the same lines, or telling something about the family of a candidate."

"What do you mean? Is someone planning to double-cross Mrs. Jamison's work?" asked her father, sharply.

"I don't know. Could it be done?"

"It has been done, of course. And they poison the wells now and then. Some vicious rumor that a person's life isn't what it ought to be is spread around."

Leslie had seen those rumors come out of the Kinkead office via Dean. She knew. Her father had risen and was pacing the room.

"That's what gets you," he said excitedly; "it is the cheating—the damned cheating that makes politics what it is."

Leslie harked back to what Mrs. Jamison had said once. "You may lose, but you don't have to cheat." She looked at the poor old failure before her, striding up and down, defending the rules of the one game he loved against sharpers and cheaters, and she was ashamed.

She flung herself desperately into the work, as if trying to atone for her idea of disloyalty. They all worked, up to the day of the election. During the last week they fought uphill. The women were going to vote, but whether it was for Mason or not no one could tell. Leslie met Mr. Kinkead on the street that night, and he bowed blandly. He was always bland.

IN the women's headquarters the hours ticked off on election night. They were already reminiscing about the campaign and anticipating a new one. In the midst of it Leslie realized suddenly that this was what had had such a hold on her father and what he had been abused and discounted for at home. She wondered, now that she was in it, that any man could keep out of it. She didn't blame Dave. At least, not for politics. But for the girl—so soon from the arms of one to the other!

The night slipped on. It was not cheerful for Mason at first, and then, little by little, the tide began to change.

"Look what happened out in the Hillside District," exulted Mrs. Jamison. "Now, that's our work, Leslie. That's our women getting out who have never voted before."

Leslie felt her excitement rushing away.

Mason was in, all right; but who was Mason, after all? The father of the girl who was going to marry Dave. She put on her coat and jammed her hat down over her hair.

"All safe now, Mrs. Jamison. I think I'll go home and come around early tomorrow to clear up."

"But we're going to celebrate up in the Rose Room later," protested Mrs. Jamison.

"Let me off. I'm so tired," begged Leslie.

"Of course, if you want to. But let me send you home."

"I'd rather walk part way and get a clear head. Then I'll find a taxi."

LESLIE was glad to get outside; glad for the drifting, impersonal snow swirling along the street; glad to get away before enthusiasm was demanded of her. The wind was growing stormy. She blew around a corner in her search for a stray taxi and bumped square into a man. They drew away for apologies, and the arc-light glimmered on them both.

"Hello!" exclaimed Dave, "it's Leslie. Aren't you out awfully late?"

"Election night," she reminded him. "You won, didn't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I've just come from the women's headquarters. I ought to know."

"You have!"

"Good night," she said and started on, but he turned and caught her arm.

"Don't go like that. Please, Leslie. I was just walking so I could think about you—and now you appear. It's too marvelous. You mustn't run away."

Leslie looked up at his face peering down at her worriedly. She could not mistake its expression.

"Thinking of me! Sure it wasn't about the Mason girl?" she asked bitterly.

"Oh, you've heard that, have you?" He hung onto her arm, pulling her close to him. "There's nothing to that except the whim of a spoiled girl, Leslie—unless I can forget you. Then I don't care whom I marry."

"I care," she told him softly.

His hand trembled on her arm.

"But I can't give this work up, Leslie. I've thought and thought, tried and tried. It's in my blood. You don't know. But if you'd just let me show you the game——"

Leslie laughed.

"Why," she boasted, "I can teach you things about that game! It was the women that elected Mason. You should see what I did in the Hillside District."

"You! Are you mocking me now?"

Leslie turned him around and tucked herself into the crook of his arm.

"Come on back to our headquarters," she said. "I've been working there for months. Come and see."

"But I thought you hated it so!"

"I did," she said perversely, "and maybe I will again. But it sort of gets you. That's politics!"

THE END

To the left—The man who astonished the world by knocking John L. flat on his back when the champion was at the height of his career. He was Charlie Mitchell, an English boxer, and the incident occurred at an exhibition in New York in 1883. This picture shows Mitchell and his son, as they appeared years later after calling upon John L. at his home, near Boston, where Sullivan was desperately ill.

Dorney's Post Collection Photo.

The mighty John L. as he appeared when undisputed king of the fistic world. This photograph was taken in 1888, and shows the luxuriant mustache which the champion grew during the periods when he was not fighting. The picture also conveys an idea of the elusive color of Sullivan's eyes—a color which his opponents claimed changed from gray to black when the old lion of the ring was roused to fighting pitch.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

"One Hundred and Sixty-five Knockouts in Nine Months!"

By JOE DORNEY,

Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and

SID SUTHERLAND

THE preceding installments in this vivid account of John L. Sullivan's meteoric career, told of his birth in Roxbury, Massachusetts; his early life; his reputation as a local fighter; his gradually increasing fame, until he defeated Paddy Ryan, the world's champion, in a fight at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, before a picturesque throng; his escapades in celebration of that event; his marriage to Annie Bates; his first fight in Madison Square Garden, in New York City, and of his being matched to meet Charlie Mitchell, an English fighter of renown, a pugilist who combined the science of boxing with that of fighting.

The story is based upon Mr. Dorney's personal reminiscences of the great champion, prepared in collaboration with Mr. Sutherland.

NO LARGER crowd has ever jammed the old edifice than filled Madison Square Garden the night of May 14, 1883, to see John L. Sullivan annihilate the cocky invader from London, Charlie Mitchell. Tremendous interest had followed the amusing insolence which emanated daily from the Englishman's training camp, by which he hoped to infuriate John L. to such a degree that he would be easy to beat with the brand new style of fighting Mitchell affected—clever boxing, flashy footwork, and a general reliance on speed and ring strategy.

Sullivan, although he created the fistic game of today by leading the way to glove-fighting and Queensberry rules, was still the greatest exponent of the old school of pugilism, and his arsenal contained few weapons—terrific strength, paralyzing wallops, endless physical valor, extraordinary if not particularly skillful speed, and the most aggressive, relentless, eager fighting spirit the ring has ever known.

There has always been dispute as to Mitchell's weight. Certain old records have him scaling about a hundred and sixty pounds; others insist he weighed a hundred and eighty-five, making a reasonable parity with Sullivan, who weighed about two hundred pounds at the time.

Although the hall was packed, the receipts were only ten thousand dollars, at prices of one and two dollars for a heavyweight championship fight! Everybody who amounted to anything, including Charles A. Dana and Roscoe Conkling, was present when the first preliminary went on.

Presently Sullivan and Mitchell were in the ring, and the referee was none other than Billy Mahoney, the Boston saloonman who helped John start up the ladder. Sullivan seemed a giant as he stood scowling at the urbane Mitchell while Mahoney gave them their instructions. The fighters returned to their corners, and a moment later were off to the most unexpected and startling incident in the cham-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

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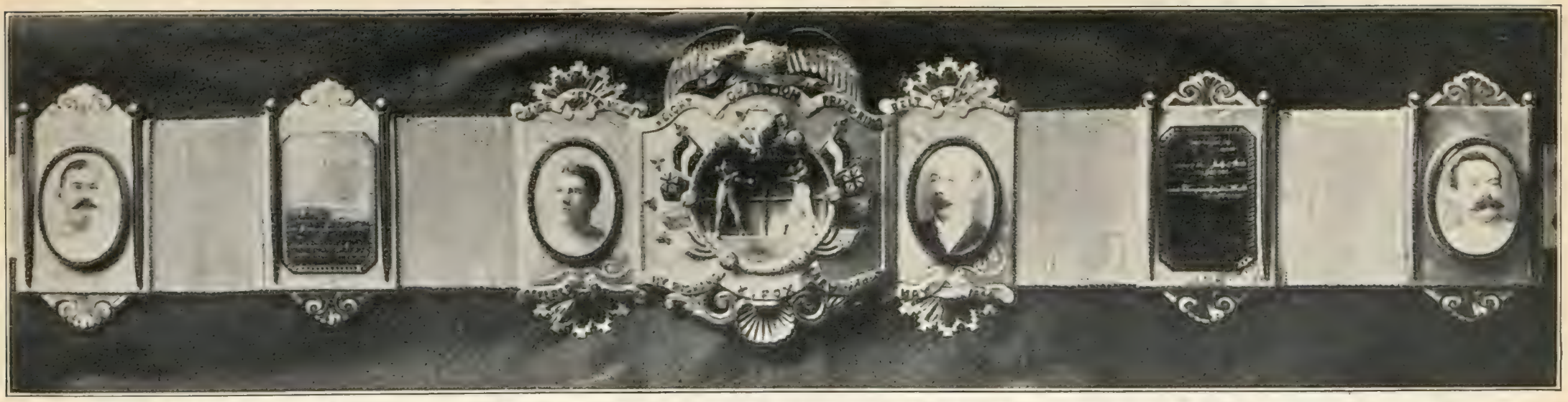

Times have changed since John L.'s day! John L. would get five thousand dollars for a fight which would bring a modern champion nearly half a million, but the glory was far more resplendent, as this championship belt indicates. This glittering trophy, set with diamonds, was put up by Richard K. Fox of the Police Gazette in 1884, and bears portraits, from left to right, of Sullivan, Corbett, Fox, and Jake Kilrain.

pion's career up to that time. As Sullivan leaped across the canvas to destroy the saucy foreigner with one mighty punch, Mitchell crouched, stepped forward, accurately gauged the sweep of John's fist and shuffled inside it, straightening up with a savage left hook that traveled about eighteen inches and landed so clean and hard on the champion's chin that he was knocked flat on his back half way across the ring.

The blow jerked the thousands to their feet, amazed by the sight of the great John L. lying huddled in a neutral corner, the slender Englishman standing jauntily in the middle of the ring, laughing and unflustered.

By the time Mahoney counted three Sullivan scrambled to his feet, steadied himself a moment, and then charged upon his mocking foe with a roar like that of a mad lion. Against that Homeric fury Mitchell's science was futile, and John battered his opponent viciously along the ropes, Charlie squirming and ducking and sheering the more deadly blows by falling away from them and rolling his head as they landed.

The second round was a continuation of the slaughter, and in the middle of the third, with Mitchell helpless on the ropes and the house gone wild, Inspector Thorne led the police onto the platform and stopped the fight.

John and his followers lost all their bets on a knockout, but won heavily on the decision.

RIGHT on the heels of this sensational contest came a demand that Sullivan meet Herbert A. Slade, the great New Zealand heavyweight known as The Maori. Slade had beaten nearly everybody in the Antipodes; he was six feet one inch tall and weighed two hundred and ten pounds, a perfect specimen. Fox and Jem Mace had sent for him for the express purpose of whipping Sullivan. Mace had spent months in preparing Slade for the struggle, and Sullivan met him in the Garden on August 6. The police stopped the fight in the third round, to save Slade's life.

Immediately after the bout John caught the midnight train for Boston. The next day—he had been fixing it up for months—he opened his famous saloon at No. 714 Washington Street, just south of Kneeland Street.

The bar extended the entire length of the room, long enough to keep six bartenders busy on each of the four six-hour shifts. In a small office at the rear Sullivan made a grave pretense of keeping the books, but he was a failure as a business man.

There were no cash registers or tills, the bartenders simply tossing the money on the shelf under the great mirror and making change from there. This shelf was usually piled high with silver and bills, which was counted along toward dawn, if Sullivan happened to be in, or if he was sober enough. Otherwise, the money just lay there until he came around. The bartenders usually retired and opened fine establishments of their own after they had worked for Sullivan a few months.

Opening night was a darb. Washington Street was jammed for blocks, and the saloon was packed. Everybody came well heeled and bought lavishly. The bartenders made no effort to return the change, so the customers simply drank up what they thought they had coming to them.

ONE of the most excited individuals present was Michael Sullivan, John's father, who had come in early from Roxbury all dressed up for the heavy drinking. He was so small and feeble that John was afraid he'd be trampled on, so he lifted him up on the bar, where he sat lord of all he could see after considerable liquor had been served to him. But he wouldn't stay there long, jumping down and back as the whim seized him.

At one end of the bar a large, well-dressed young fellow was making disparaging remarks about Sullivan, who was flying about trying to drink with everybody. A little fellow passing heard him and tugged at his coat.

George W. ("Pony") Moore, the whimsical, shrewd father-in-law and manager of Charlie Mitchell. Mitchell earned undying fame by knocking Sullivan flat in 1883.

Dominick McCaffrey, a well-known heavyweight in his day, who worked persistently to defeat Sullivan. He helped train every man who tried to dethrone the champion.

"Phwat's that ye siz about Jawn L. Sullivan?" the midget asked.

"I said he was a joke as a fighter. What of it?"

"And be gad, I think yer r-r-right. I'll just show ye phwat a piece iv cheese he is. He'll do anything for money, even to taking insults, if ye'll spend yer cash. Just to prove it I'll slap his face r-r-right now."

He elbowed his way to where John stood buying drinks for his guests. He grabbed his arm and when Sullivan turned he reached up and slapped him smartly on the cheek. John looked intently at him and then shrugged his shoulders and laughed. The little chap worked his way back to the watching group.

"See!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Phwat did I tell ye? Shure he's a joke fighter-r-r, and I'll bet ye can do the same."

After a few more shots and much kidding by his friends, the big fellow did thrust himself through the crowd to where Sullivan stood. He slapped a twenty dollar bill on the bar, loudly ordered champagne to establish his status, and then jerked at John's elbow. When the latter turned he struck Sullivan across the mouth.

The next instant four men went down under the impact of his hurtling body. They picked him up and washed the blood from his broken features.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Sullivan.

"Why the devil hit me when you let that little fellow slap your face?" asked the big fellow in aggrieved tones.

"Do you mean that little man sitting up on the bar?" John asked, pointing.

"Yes, that's him."

"Why, that's my father."

Sullivan didn't understand for a long time why the man he hit went away swearing terribly, or why his father laughed so heartily.

ON September 27, John turned the saloon over to his manager and began his first grand knockout tour of the country. This spectacular journey took Sullivan and his entourage to one hundred and fifty-four cities in the United States and British Columbia. Al Smith, who refereed the fight with John Flood, had charge of all arrangements, and offered one thousand dollars to any man Sullivan could not stop in four rounds. The trip lasted nine months and Smith and Sullivan, who were on a fifty-fifty basis, split over three hundred thousand dollars after jointly paying all expenses.

The party included Herbert Slade, Steve Taylor, Pete McCoy, Mike Gillespie, all well-known heavyweights, and Arthur Chambers, whom Smith took along for the sole purpose of making Sullivan behave.

The trip was replete with surprising and amusing episodes, even if many of them were decidedly painful for some of the hundred and sixty-five men that Sullivan knocked out during the exhibitions. The act consisted of spar-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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LIQUID VENEER
POLISHING PRODUCTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ring matches between members of the party. Sullivan would make a short address which he had memorized, and then he would take on any local fighter that wanted to win the prize.

When the party reached Davenport, Iowa, a middle-aged woman appeared at the champion's hotel. She was weeping so bitterly as she begged to see Sullivan that they sent for him. He asked her why she cried.

"I'm Mrs. Sheehan," she said between gusts of tears. "My husband is a blacksmith and a terrible fighter, and he says he's going to fight you tonight. Oh, Mr. Sullivan, I'm the mother of five little children and we are very poor. Please don't fight him."

"Don't cry, madam," said John, patting her shoulder. "If he shows up at the theater I'll simply tell him I won't box him, that because of his family I don't want to hurt him."

"Hurt him?" the woman echoed scornfully. "That isn't what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid he'll kill you and be tried for murder. He's a terrible fighter."

Sullivan's laughter rattled the chandeliers. That night they carried Mr. Sheehan off the stage in the second round, and John sent the five little Sheehans a hundred dollar bill to keep them going until their sire recovered.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, having behaved very well, Sullivan gave Chambers the slip and started out on a bender. One of his favorite stunts was to borrow the bartender's apron, place it on the bar and stand a lot of filled whisky glasses on it. Then he would catch hold of one end and with a sudden jerk remove the towel without overturning the glasses or spilling the liquor. He tried it in a Cheyenne cafe, but the bar must have been wet, because he jerked all the glasses to the floor, where they were shattered.

Sullivan broke into thunderous laughter, but stopped when he noticed that the saloon was deathly quiet, except for his own guffaws. He turned around and stared into the muzzle of a huge .45 caliber six-shooter held steadily by the bartender, who was resting his elbow on the mahogany.

"That little stunt will cost you exactly twenty-five dollars," said the bartender, presently.

"Exactly what I was just about to offer you," Sullivan said, hurriedly.

The bartender laughed, tossed the twenty-five dollars into the till, and then bought Sully a drink. They were having a splendid time, drinking and discussing the merits of fist fighting versus gun fighting, when the surly little Chambers stalked in and ran John home to bed.

IN San Francisco John met George M. Robinson in a bout that was almost a farce. Robinson hugged the floor during the four rounds it lasted, but the police finally stopped it in disgust and John won the decision.

Not the least provoking feature was the behavior of a man clinging to the rafters high above the ring. He had a large cowbell, and every time anything occurred that struck him as particularly interesting he would swing the bell furiously, the hideous metallic clangor driving everybody wild. Nobody could quite locate him up there in the shadows, and the raging police couldn't eject him.

Twenty-six years later, while I was traveling with John, he received the following letter from San Francisco, inclosing newspaper clippings of the fight and the annoying bell ringer:

Dear Mr. Sullivan:

Inclosed is a clipping of the Robinson match, which I cut out of a paper at that time. It was one of the few things I saved from the San Francisco fire of April 18, 1906. I don't suppose you remember much about the fight, but it wasn't my fault if you don't, because I was the jasper that was ringing that bell over your head that night.

After you got through with Robinson I slid down from my perch, got through the crowd, and helped to carry you out on my shoulder. Do you remember how the streets were packed for blocks around Larkin and Market, where the great amphitheater stood? The old Mechanics' Pavilion is gone now. I was a lover of pugilistic sport at that time and always put on the gloves when I could. I am certain I would have been a champion but for the odd trick I had of stopping all my opponents' punches with my face. Consequently, I usually woke up with some kind stranger fanning me with a hat. Yours truly,

SYLVESTER M. O'SULLIVAN.

ON his swing south from the coast Sullivan ran into Colonel Bill Sterrett, a famous political writer from Texas who lived in Washington, District of Columbia. At Galveston, Sterrett arranged a bout between Sullivan and Alex Marx, a good heavyweight called the champion of Texas. The match took place on April 10, 1884, and Marx tells the story in an interesting way.

"I got a great cheer as I walked onto the stage," he said. "I felt pretty good. I was going to put up my fists before the great and only John L. I made up my mind that my best chance lay in surprising him, so the moment we shook hands I let him have a hard swing on the jaw. He looked at me as though I had broken his heart by such unkindness.

"Says I to myself, 'This man has met his match at last and knows it.' So I gave him some more hard knocks. He looked at me with surprise and disappointment.

"Just as I was getting ready to put him out and be hailed as champion I saw another sort of look come into his eyes. He looked at me like some wild animal. The next instant something hit me under the left side of the jaw. They told me afterward that I sailed through the ropes and onto the violin player in the orchestra pit.'"

At Chattanooga, Tennessee, somebody tipped the chief of police to find out if it was really Sullivan traveling around the country or a ringer somebody was putting over. That night the chief climbed on the stage, stopped the show, and demanded proof that John was John. Sullivan was wild when the official refused to believe him and threatened to make them return the money to the crowd. Finally he said:

"Chief, the only way I can prove I'm John L. Sullivan is this: if you have any fighter in the house or in Chattanooga who thinks he can step, bring him here, and if I don't knock him cold in three minutes I'll forfeit one thousand dollars to any charity you say."

The chief hesitated and then yielded to the roar of the spectators that they send for a fellow named Phillips, a husky everybody in Chattanooga seemed to know. Phillips got on the stage, fiddled about a moment or so, and then leaped over the ropes toward the wings.

"It's him, chief; it's him!" he yelled. "This fellow blocks harder than most men hit. If you don't believe it's John L., get in there with him yourself. I'm through."

At Memphis Sullivan won what he always thought was his shortest contest. William Fleming was matched with him, and the Memphis sports bet heavily he'd last four rounds. John hit him one punch and it took them an hour to bring William out of it. When he came to he asked, "When do I go on with Sullivan?" They told him it was all over.

At Fort Wayne, Indiana, after Al Smith issued his nightly challenge, a young giant arose. He shouted that he'd box the "world beater and whip him, too," and ran toward the stage. Al asked if he'd had any experience.

"Yes, sir. I threw over Farmer Babcock's steer when they wanted to brand him. I lifted two four-hundred-and-fifty-pound bales of cotton at once. Why, when Dave Gould was going to shoot his old sick horse I saved him the trouble by killing him with my fist."

The modest young man displayed a fist that might have filled a water bucket. Steve Taylor and Chambers decided to kid him a little.

"Did you ever fight?" they asked him loud enough for the laughing audience to hear.

"No, but I went to Cleveland to meet Paddy Ryan once, and he refused to fight me. He told me to go get a towel and dry the back of my ears. But it shows he was afraid of me, don't it, when he wouldn't fight?"

"You bet he was afraid," said Steve. Then in an audible aside to Chambers, "Why, he'll kill Sullivan, Arthur. Maybe we'd better give him the thousand dollars and call it off."

Arthur pressed his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into loud sobs.

"Please don't 'urt the champion," he begged the youth. "Please promise you'll not 'it 'im too 'ard, me lad."

"No, sir, I won't promise nothing. I want that thousand dollars, and I'm going to get it if I have to kill your man."

"Shall I call the police, John?" Steve asked.

"No," said John, who was getting a great kick out of it. "I may lose, but I'll lose like a man. I'll take a chance. Turn him loose."

AT the call of time the Hoosier tore across, swinging both arms so wildly that Sullivan had a hard time getting out of his way. Then Sullivan saw an opening and let him have both fists. The fellow was dragged away and later asked dazedly what it was all about.

The tour ended in Boston about the first of June, 1884. John didn't recognize any of the help in his saloon, so many bartenders had enriched themselves and gone their way rejoicing. He tried to straighten out his affairs at the cafe, but gave up in disgust and started a new set of books, which consisted mostly of chalk marks on a large slate to show what he owed for beer, ice, and supplies.

Then he went home to rest up a bit, but this vacation was interrupted when he decided to accept the challenge issued by Ward McAllister in behalf of New York's Four Hundred to go to Gotham and take a beating at the hands of Professor John M. Laflin, boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club, and called the Prize Ring Adonis by the society people.

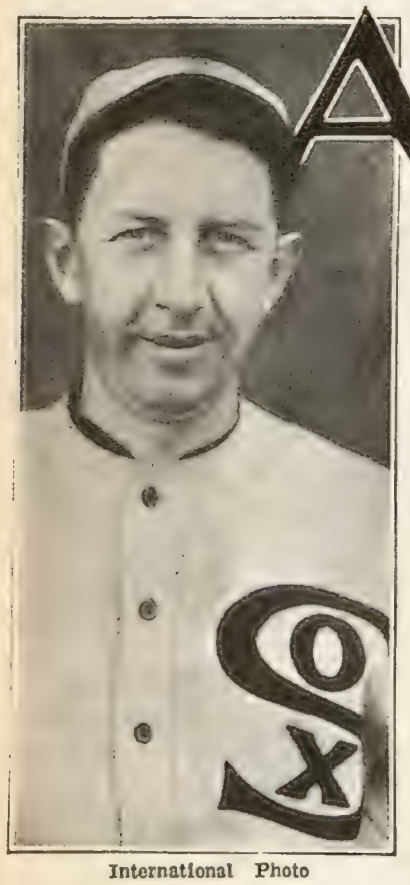
Sullivan wired Jimmy Wakely to make the match and to bet anything up to one hundred thousand dollars for him that he would whip the Society Apollo in less than four rounds.

The seventh installment, to appear in next week's issue, will include the story of Sullivan's defeat of Professor John Laflin, New York boxing instructor; his victory over Jack Burke in Chicago; his wild pranks, including a riotous journey from Boston to San Francisco; his receiving a diamond belt from admirers and a silk flag from his Roxbury friends, a token which he wore in every fight thereafter; his voyage to England, where he met the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII. of England, and of a notable incident in connection with that event.

The SMARTEST Second Baseman

In Which Eddie Collins, Debutant Manager of the White Sox and Veteran of Eighteen Big League Seasons, Dips Into the Past and Tells Why Baseball Thrills Him as Much Now as It Did When He Was a Kid

By HUGH FULLERTON



International Photo

A MAN is young as long as his enthusiasm lasts. A ball player is young as long as his legs and his enthusiasm last. Therefore Eddie Collins, manager of the Chicago White Sox, going into his nineteenth major league season as a player and his first as a manager, is young.

Collins, known to every baseball fan in America, is perhaps the least known ball player of prominence in the country. His astonishing record, which marks him as the greatest second baseman in the history of the sport, and his appearance on the field are known to all fans, but few know anything about Collins the man.

Oddly enough, Collins the man is rather more interesting than Collins the ball player. He dons the uniform and becomes "Eddie," the idol of the small boy, the envy of the players, the ideal of what a ball player should be. Removing his uniform, he becomes Edward Trowbridge Collins, known and liked by a small circle of friends, modest, self-effacing, studious, and home loving.

Odd sort of a fellow is Collins. His most joyous recollection is of his one season of college football, in which he played on a weaker team against four of the great Eastern schools and some of the best players of history. His keenest joy of anticipation is managing the White Sox this year.

I believe Collins for years has cherished an ambition to manage a baseball team and to work out his theories of the game, to put into practice what he has learned. He could have been a manager years ago if he had sought the position, and he holds a unique record of having given faithful and hearty assistance to managers placed over him with no reservations. Now that the position has been given him without having been sought, he is as eager as a schoolboy to be at the work.

The man who, after eighteen years of desperate playing, after six world's championship series, after being one of the leading fielders, hitters, and base runners year after year, regardless of the team he played with, who always has played to win, and still can be enthusiastic, is remarkable.

"I think this season will be the most pleasant and most interesting, the best of my career," he told me. "I get pleasure out of playing ball. If ever the time comes when I fail to get a thrill out of playing, of being in there battling for a game, I'll quit. It won't be worth while.

"I am starting with the White Sox with one plan, which is that we will have harmony and team work. I am encouraged, because when it was announced I was to be manager practically every fellow on the team wrote or telegraphed his congratulations and promised enthusiastic support.

"I have one ambition, which is to give the Chicago fans a team that will repay them for their loyalty. It is a great town to play ball in and the most loyal. I wouldn't want to play ball anywhere else."

Collins was born in Millerton, New York, May 2, 1887, moved to Tarrytown when a baby, where his parents have since made their home. This is stated to settle arguments, which are frequent. He played little baseball as a youngster, preferring foot racing and football, until he went to Irving School at Tarrytown. It was a school at which most of the boys were sons of wealthy parents, and Collins' folks were not rich. Yet in that exclusive school he became one of the most popular students, the best sprinter, the best ball player, and the best football player.

There are two remarkable things about Collins—his fiery temper and fighting spirit—and his control of both. I never have seen him lose his temper altogether or fight umpires save once. That was in an important series in Chicago, when he suddenly exploded, hurled his glove and cap to the ground, and stamped around like a small boy running amuck. He never kicks for effect, never swears at an umpire, or protests unless sure he is correct. He registers his kick quickly, accepts the decision, and returns to work.

BUT once, it is recorded, he lost his temper completely. He was then pitcher for the Irving School—pitcher, first batter, captain, and everything else. They were playing a Tarrytown team and winning until late in the game, when the Tarrytown boys discovered that the third baseman of the school team was about as good a fielder as a Stoughton bottle. They started hitting, bunting, and pushing the ball toward that poor third baseman and every ball went through him.

Collins, pitching harder and harder, was getting mad, and when the sixth bounder went through the third baseman Eddie threw a stone at the unfortunate player, chasing him out of the grounds. He probably has felt that way many times since, but either controlled his temper or failed to find a stone.

He was graduated from Irving School in 1903 and entered Columbia University. At Columbia Collins played baseball, became captain of the team, and, at the height of his fame as a college player, was barred on a charge of professionalism. He played football one year, a year in which Columbia played Princeton, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Cornell among others and during which the light, fleet Columbia quarter back was battered and beaten by some of the greatest of Eastern stars—and came back to help defeat Cornell.

The baseball coach of Columbia in those days was Billy Lauder, who had been a major league star and had become a great teacher. It was Lauder who gave Collins his first real insight into baseball. Lauder must have been good, for recently when Collins was made manager of the White Sox the first thing he did was to persuade Billy to return to the

A NEW TYPE OF BASEBALL LEADER

CHICAGO'S White Sox for 1925 "dope" sixth in strength in the American League, only a few points above seventh. Five clubs, on paper, show distinct superiority. The Sox need a shortstop, a left-handed pitcher, one outfielder, more hitting strength, improved pitching.

I went to see Eddie Collins, the new manager of the team, believing he faces a hopeless task. After a four-hour talk with him I left convinced that the White Sox will be in the fight most of the season and in all probability finish two positions, perhaps more, higher than their strength indicates.

Collins promises to be a wonderful field leader, who can inspire men to follow him. Modest, self-effacing, avoiding publicity as he has done for years, Collins will be an entirely different type of leader now that he is armed with managerial authority. His appointment makes the American League race more uncertain than ever.

game and help him as coach of the White Sox.

Collins achieved another record at Columbia. Barred as a professional because he had played summer baseball, deposed as captain of the team, he was hired as a coach, so perhaps was the only college man who ever was coach while a student.

The manner in which Collins came under the faculty ban and was barred at Columbia never has been told, nor has his complete record as a major league player been compiled, because of the same difficulty, until he dug it out of the files of an old paper in St. Louis last year and enabled the statisticians to have the entire data.

Collins had become one of the sensations of college baseball, but the idea of playing professionally did not appear to have entered his head. With his innate modesty he probably did not think of himself as in a class with major league players, although in 1905 he sat in the bleachers and rooted hard for the Giants to win the world's series from the Athletics—little thinking of the later years when he would lead the Athletics to triumph over the team for which he was rooting.

Billy Lush, an old timer, was at that time managing a team at Plattsburg, New York, in the Northern League. The teams were composed largely of college boys, some playing legitimately, as their schools permitted summer baseball playing; others risking their amateur standing because of the ban on summer ball. Columbia had this ban. Yet it is evident Collins did not think much about his amateur status. He wanted to play ball. In fact, he never lost a chance to play ball. Lush told Collins he could have a job for the summer at Plattsburg. The pay and a summer on Lake Champlain looked good to Collins. He joined the team, on which were Ed Reulbach, Rube Vickers, Wiggs, and others who later became famous. Let Collins tell the story:

"THE league was in a bad way late that summer. The boys were having a lot of fun, kidding and joking. One day a fellow showed up and watched me play. Paddy Duff, who was a great kidder, and Billy Lush told me he was Brynes, a catcher, who was scouting for major league talent. They told me he had come to watch me. I suspected a joke and dodged.

"When Brynes wanted to talk to me about playing professional ball I thought the fellows had framed on me and it took him two days to persuade me he was on the level. I had no idea I was good enough to be a big league player, having looked up to them so long as a kid I thought they could do anything. I wouldn't listen to Brynes, but he came back three weeks later and persuaded me to see Connie Mack.

"Our team had left Plattsburg and we were playing in Rockville, Connecticut, on Labor Day, when Billy Lush persuaded me to go with him to New York, where we met Mack. I took a liking to him from the first and realized later my good fortune in falling in with him at the start. I explained to him that I wanted to complete my college course and to play college baseball the next spring. He invited me to go with his team on the Western trip and see how I liked it. Naturally I was eager to go.

"A little later I joined the team in Philadelphia. The Boston team was playing there and as soon as I reached the ball park I hurried to the office. Tim Murnane and several of the Boston newspaper men were sitting with Connie, and as soon as I stepped in Connie jumped up and said, 'Why—hello, Sullivan,'

Eddie Collins "going up" for a high one and catching it.

International Photo

shook hands, and led me out. He explained who the men were, that he was afraid they would recognize me, and had called me the first name which came to his mind.

"So I became Sullivan because that was the first name Mack could think of. I did not play against Boston, but when we got to Chicago I got into the game. Immediately there was a kick from the Yankees, who were fighting Chicago for the championship, charging that Mack was playing kids against the Western teams. I was playing shortstop and got away to a good start. We lost the first game, but won the next two.

"I did not play at St. Louis, but was back in the game at Detroit, playing third base, and Davey Shean, who was on trial, and I had a part in breaking up the game. I played six games on the Western trip, and dared not play after the team got home for fear of being recognized.

"In spite of that I was barred from playing the next spring at Columbia, not because of playing with the Athletics, but because of playing summer ball with the Northern League. The college authorities probably never knew about the Sullivan incident."

Collins was one of the few ball players who made good in the major league from the start. He played with the famous Athletics team from 1907 to 1914, inclusive, during which time the team won four pennants and three world's championships. Then he was sold to the Chicago White Sox for what was at that time reported to be the record price ever paid for a player.

For ten years he has been the backbone of the White Sox team, which in 1917 and 1919 was considered by many the greatest team ever assembled because of its tremendous power of attack. That team, wrecked by the scandal of 1919, and the Athletics of 1913 were considered perhaps the two best ever put together. Collins is undecided which was the better.

"The White Sox had a stronger attack," he says, "but I cannot help thinking the Athletics were the best as a team, as it played the finest team ball. It was a team, every man for the club, with the finest spirit I ever have known.

"How much depends on the team spirit I cannot figure, but confidence, faith in each other, and determination go a long way. Washington proved that last year.

"There have been attacks and suspicions directed at baseball since the 1919 series, yet I believe the majority of players are honest and upright. They got away with it for a time because we who were closest to the game could not believe it could be played dishonestly. I do not believe it ever could be done again and think the first false move would mean detection.

"BASEBALL is a fine game. I get as much thrill from it now as I did as a kid, and if the time ever comes when I do not enjoy playing I'll quit. As for baseball as a business, all I can say is if I had it to do over again I would go into it. No one can advise a boy what he should do, but if a boy believes he can make good in the major leagues I would tell him to go into the game.

"I wouldn't advise my own boys to go into baseball unless they felt certain they could reach the major leagues and keep the pace. One of them seems to be a natural player, the other isn't. I don't suppose it makes any difference. If a boy loves baseball enough to play it and has ability enough to reach the top of the profession, what his father thinks doesn't matter much.

"Players last longer nowadays. We take better care of ourselves, give more thought to condition and training. The higher rewards make it worth while to keep in condition. I do not drink or smoke and keep in condition in and out of season. I eat lightly; a fair breakfast, a lunch which is usually a thin soup, milk, or perhaps a poached egg on spinach and toast or the crust of hard rolls. After a game I eat a good dinner. I find it easier to keep in condition than to get back into condition.

"One slows up in time; wear and tear tell on legs and arms. I take good care of my feet and legs and think they will last several more years. I have managed to keep my speed and that is part of the pleasure of the game. All ball players like their base hits—but I confess I still get as much delight out of a stolen base as out of a base hit. It is out-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

thinking or out-guessing a pitcher and catcher and gaining an extra base which gives me a thrill as much as anything else in the game."

"Collins is the quickest thinker I ever knew," remarked Umpire Billy Evans. "To show how rapidly his brain works, he was at bat one day in an important game, and hit a ball which struck just inside the plate and twisted around, not rolling two feet. He whirled like a flash, tore for first base, and was thrown out by a step. He came back and said: 'Bill, I had a notion to kick that ball as I started to run. How would you have decided it?' I told him I would have called him out—and he grinned and walked away. In the flash of a second he had figured I might think the ball hit him accidentally while bounding foul and let him get away with it."

THE smartest play I think I ever saw Collins make was in one of the first two games of the world's series between the Cubs and Athletics, admittedly two of the best teams that ever faced each other. Barry and Collins, two of the smartest men in the American League, were pitted against Tinker and Evers, who held the same reputation in the National. It was a contest of brains and skill. In one of those games—I think the second, before the "break" came—the Cubs had runners on the bases when a hard hit bounder went past second base. Collins, tearing across, saw he could not reach the ball with his hands, as it was bounding low, kicked one foot sideways and kicked the ball back to Barry, who touched the bag and by a quick throw transformed a hit that might have won the game into a double play.

A great lad is Collins. He is one of the greatest hitters, from a scientific standpoint, who ever stepped to a plate. One night during a world's series between the Giants and Athletics I met Bill Rigler, the umpire, on Broadway. He stopped me and asked:

"Say, is this fellow Collins a kidder?"

"Anything but that," I replied.

"He pulled a funny one on me today," said Rigler. "He came up after the Athletics had the game won by a big score and said, 'Mr. Umpire, I wish you'd watch this one closely; I'm trying to hit a home run into that right field stand.' I told him to do the batting and I'd do the watching, and he said, 'This fellow is pitching me slow balls inside the plate. I can't hit one of them into the stand except right on the foul line.' I told him I'd be careful. He hit the first ball pitched into the stand, foul by a foot or two; the next one hit the foul line just in front of first and went foul, and the third one was a home run—fair by inches."

THE END

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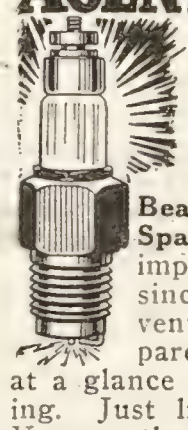

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Each week Liberty is publishing an article by a celebrated author, screen star, or director, describing what sort of ideas make the best stories. These are full of valuable hints for contestants. Don't miss any of them. The one that follows is by one of the most famous American motion picture directors—a man who has a long list of notable productions to his credit.

HOW TO WRITE FOR

Liberty's Greatest Contest

By JAMES CRUZE

The Man Who Made The Covered Wagon

AFTER the wide variety of pictures which I have directed recently, the question as to what type of story I prefer is rather a sticker. I think I am safe in saying that I do not particularly care what the type may be, if the story will make a good picture.

To make a good picture, first of all, a story must have freshness. Many times, when you have seen pictures or read books, you have known how the story would turn out long before you reached the end. Be sure that your plot has something new—some twist that keeps up the interest.

Second, to be good, a story should have one principal character whom your public will like. This character—the hero or heroine—should be trying to accomplish something that will appeal to everyone as worth while. And between the hero (or heroine) and his (or her) purpose there should be some obstacle or difficulty, or perhaps some act of injustice, that will arouse people's sympathy. Then your character should overcome the handicap, whatever it may be, and come out on top.

The interest of your audience will rise just as high as its sympathy rises—no higher. The greater the hero or heroine's troubles along the way—the deeper their sorrow—the more surely will your story have suspense. If a story fails to have a purpose and an obstacle, it will fail to have a conflict—and this is what you need most.

Conflict gives a story what we call "the punch." But conflict alone is of no particular value. It must be conflict devised so as to appeal to the sympathies. You may have all the conflict of a great battle, but if your audience's sympathies are not enlisted they will not be interested. They must be partisan; they must be made to care enough to take sides.

Third, a story should have qualities that please. Keep away from gloom and horror. Sunshine, love, pathos, optimism—these are the things to which the public responds. And don't forget hope. Put something into your story that will inspire someone to overcome his own obstacles, to accomplish some desired end—something that will encourage the disheartened, that will make folks want to do something worth while.

Avoid the sordid, the repulsive, the pessimistic, unless a bare glimpse of these is needed for contrast. We all know about showing despair. Show people that the road to hope is open to them.

Remember, brilliancy of writing is not an essential. Earnestness and sincerity are. Write about what you know. Draw your ideas from the people around you. Make your characters human, your situations possible. But first, last, and all the time, remember that sympathy for your hero or heroine and obstacles to be overcome must be in your story. If they are not, you have wasted your time.

JAMES CRUZE

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows: **Part One** provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the com

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Next Week: FANNIE HURST

—one of the most widely celebrated authors of the day, whose short stories and photoplays have thrilled millions—will explain what sort of story it is best to write for Liberty's great contest.

Miss Hurst, as you will probably remember, was the author of Humoresque. Her article in next week's issue was written especially to aid contestants in our new $50,000 competition.

Watch for It on the Newsstands

BALL BEARING

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Tested and Approved by the Department of Household Engineering Good Housekeeping Institute — Conducted by 821 Good Housekeeping Magazine

Valuable information on the *Care of Rugs and House Furnishings* sent *prepaid* upon request.

DEALERS: Write for our Agency Plan

Service or Servicing Which?

SELECT your vacuum cleaner for the service it will give—not for the servicing the dealer promises you. The CADILLAC is equipped with NORMA Precision Ball Bearings, requires no oiling, therefore immune from bearing troubles that make servicing necessary.

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Write for name of your CADILLAC *Dealer who will demonstrate free.*

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Why tell your age when face and hair are young?

Why confess to forty-five when you might be twenty-five by woman's index—face and hair? How unfair, how needlessly unkind a woman may be to herself. If illness, shock, or heredity have brought untimely gray to your head, do not submit. Brownatone is your ally in fighting age. Tint those betraying locks quickly, and easily.

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SPECIAL OFFER! Trial bottle for testing will be sent anywhere in plain package [no publicity] on receipt of 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

We recommend Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c a bottle.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

plete story another $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and the complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person, regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

the **National Parks** *are yours*

—for instance

—Grand Canyon National Park and the Navahopi motor trip into the colorful Indian country.

—Yosemite and the Big Trees.

—Sequoia and Gen. Grant Nat. Parks.

—Yellowstone, Glacier, Rocky Mtn. and Mesa Verde National Parks. Rainier, Crater Lake and Zion National Parks.

They are yours to enjoy.

daily National Parks **Xcursions** this summer *via* the Santa Fe

Our first hand information will save you time and money. Our picture folders are yours for the asking. May we serve you?

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Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of trip to

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and details as to cost

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Variety *of* Sleeves Featured *in* Late Modes

by Corinne Lowe

"OH!" said a woman looking in at some of the spring frocks displayed in a Fifth Avenue window, "Could anything be easier than this? All I'll have to do to my last year's crepe is to put new sleeves in it and it will be as good as new."

That woman certainly is an optimist if she can regard sleeves as the one thing between her and novelty. For, although the silhouette is varied, there is an infinity of details and colors to join with sleeves in giving an altogether new aspect to our spring clothes.

Take color alone, for example. Yes, to be sure, plenty of black is being used, but in the main—well, the deadly nightshade has been supplanted by the most exquisite flower and foliage tints seen in years.

To join the ranks of the long-fitted sleeve, which continues in favor, have come three or four notable recruits. One of these is the model with the puff, large or small, occurring at the forearm in contrast to a fitted upper section. A second is one with a widened undersection that is frequently slashed. A third is represented by a bell-shaped flounce. And these are but a few of the sleeves emphasized in this spring's stylish wear.

All of these variations invite contrasts of color and fabric. Our puff or bell-shaped flounce may be of lace, of printed material used elsewhere in combination with a foundation of plain color, or of lingerie. As for this last named, it is well to remember that the lingerie finish is in our midst once more.

Aside from such variations in the actual contour, there is a wealth of detail lavished upon sleeves. Embroidery, lace, medallions, deft seams and bands, appliques—all these go to make a colorful sleeve holiday.

One of the interesting developments is the extensive use of long sleeves in the afternoon frock of delicate-tinted chiffon. The sketch at the upper left is eloquent of this new trick. Here the loveliest of shell-pinks includes long fitted sleeves to which "grocer-boy" cuffs lend an extra air of variety. Another attractive feature of this little French model is the way in which the lace-trimmed scarf is drawn down through a narrow front belt to give variety of skirt line.

Lace is with us today on every side, and if you look at the Philippe et Gaston ensemble costume at the lower right you will get further idea of the range of its employment. In this case tan lace touches up the collar, tops the plaited sleeve ruffles, and borders a coat of tan crepe worn with a tan crepe frock.

"BUTCHER-BOY" cuffs of deep ecru lace give variety to an afternoon frock of shell-pink chiffon or crepe—distinguished by a lace-trimmed scarf.

ANOTHER sleeve variation is offered in a French model of black crepe printed in fuchsia tones. The fabric is bordered with white.

RUST embroidery in French dots varies the widened and slashed sleeves of a Drecoll frock of two tones of green crepe in which the plaited front section of the skirt is ingeniously arranged.

THE ensemble costume includes lavish touches of tan lace stitched on with red and blue. A red crepe band applied to the frock is echoed by narrow red ribbon streamers on the coat.

Nine inches wide, eighteen inches long, five and one-half inches deep. Weight 7½ pounds.

Note dimensions above.

The Wonderful WHITE CROSS Electric Range!

NOW Yours for Only $60.00

On Approval Direct to You

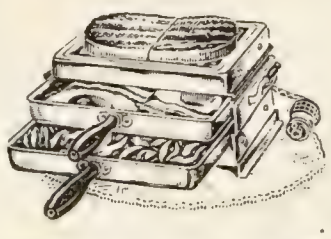
If unable to quickly secure this White Cross Electric Range from a near-by dealer, the great White Cross factories will send one to you on approval. Note special introductory offer to 10,000 electrical homes below.

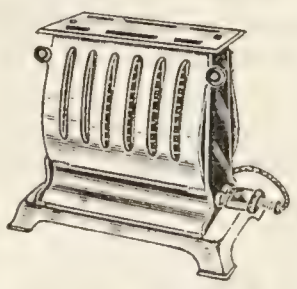
ONE housewife writes, "A service and convenience worth ten times its cost." Another says, "The most highly prized of all my electrical appliances." And from another, "Housewives should have had a help like this five years ago."

What is this new White Cross product that every electrical home wants the moment it is seen? Just this! A real electric range of generous size, wonderfully efficient, that you will find constant use for the year around. On kitchen cabinet, the tea cart, the summer porch, in the breakfast nook, for buffet spreads and lunches and to replace the kerosene and gasoline stove in the summer home. Uses no more current than your electric iron. Lightens your housework. Adds immensely to your home comforts.

And at the amazing introductory price of only $6. But it is a genuine White Cross product—the latest in the family of White Cross Electric Appliances which are now in use in more than two million homes.

This White Cross Range is of the two-burner size; made of finest heavy sheet steel, beautifully finished in black enamel, nickel trimmed. Indicating rotary switch at each burner. A protecting plate under each heating unit. Utilizes all the heat. Operates on either direct or alternating current, 110 to 125 volts. Has standard length asbestos lined heating cord with two-piece plug. And like every other White Cross product fully guaranteed by the White Cross factories.





Introductory Offer. The White Cross factories have set aside 10,000 of these two-burner electric ranges for introductory price distribution among electrical homes. If it isn't possible for you to quickly secure one from your dealer, we will ship one to you on approval immediately if you will send the coupon below and at the same time mention the name of your dealer. It will go to you on approval and at the end of six days' time if you are not delighted merely return it and refund will be made at once.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS

Dept. A, 3212 W. Lake St.
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DEALERS:

Write immediately for our National Sales Plan which will bring you big profits. We are the originators of many of the most popular Electric Appliances with more than two million satisfied users. White Cross products are guaranteed to be of the highest grade and prices are exceptionally attractive. Write at once for details.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,
Dept. A, 3212 W. Lake St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Send direct to me on approval, the new White Cross Two-Burner Electric Range. I will pay postman the introductory advertised price of $6.00 and return within 6 days if not delighted, in which event you will promptly refund price.

Name .....

Address .....

Name of dealer .....

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Poorly Laid Eggs

My little neighbor, Betty, was anxious to be of some help to my aunt. Betty was told she could get the eggs from the nests if she so desired.

Returning from the henhouse with the pan of eggs, the youngster stumbled and fell. Being somewhat alarmed by the noise, my aunt went out to investigate and found Betty thoroughly smeared with the sticky mess. Looking up, the tot suddenly feared some form of punishment and her excuse came from convincing lips:

"Well, dey wasn't laid very good, anyway."—O. R. A., Portsmouth, O.

* * *

This Kid'll Be Heard Of!

In my class of boys there is a colored youngster, ten years old, who has the loudest voice I ever heard in a child. One day I couldn't stand his bellowing any longer and I gave him a good calling down for it, asking him: "What makes you yell so, Sammie, when you answer a question?"

"Yes, mam," he howled, "Ah jes' can't help it nohow. Ah's been christen' wid a loud speaker, Ah presumpose!"—Mrs. R. J. G., Berwyn, Ill.

* * *

Correcting an Error

We have been trying to teach our boys to speak correctly and call their attention to any error they may make in their grammar. The other night at the supper table little James said: "Mother, I ain't got no salad dressing for my tomatoes."

Said mother: "That's not correct; what are you supposed to say?"

"I ain't got no mayonnaise."—A. E. D., Dundalk, Md.

* * *

No Need for Him!

Robert, aged ten, was sent to his aunt to stay all night. At breakfast the next morning his aunt came in excitedly and said:

"Oh, Robert, you have a little baby brother over at your house!"

Robert looked amazed for a while and then said: "I can think of a lot of things we need worse."—J. W. D., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

He Never Laughed at Her

Little Helen was asked which brother she liked best, and she replied:

"I love all my brothers, but William never laughs when I get punished."—Mrs. R. F. J., Fort Wayne, Ind.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 53

Keep Baby Comfy

No more weary arms and tired babies. Tuck baby snugly in a convenient GORDON MOTOR CRIB or BASSINET. Asleep or awake, baby really enjoys motoring. Mother, too, may ride in comfort, or drive if she chooses. Absorbs the shocks baby would receive if held.

"The Safest Way" the doctors say

The GORDON MOTOR CRIB shown above is quickly installed in open cars and standard sedans. Easily removed. Takes up no useful space. Folds flat.

The GORDON BASSINET shown below fits smallest closed and open cars. Removable while baby sleeps. Both designs widely used. Recommended by baby specialists. Less than one-third the cost of a baby cab. Mother's pleasure and baby's comfort worth many times its small investment.

Write Today

Sold everywhere or sent prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for illustrated folder and dealer's name. For baby's sake do it today.

Gordon Motor Crib Co.
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1519 Wabash Ave.,
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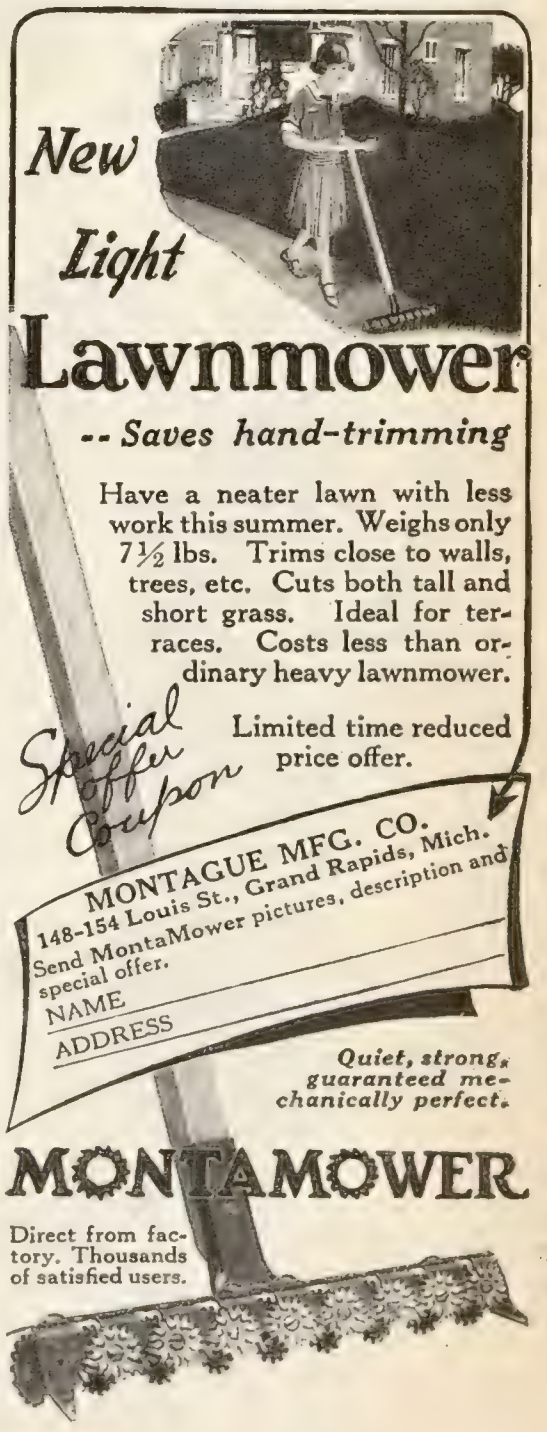

Make *Your* Vacation Wardrobe *at* Home

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

NICE weather and warmer days make new, attractive clothes a necessity. Perhaps you are planning this year to have the most wonderful vacation ever. Clothes will play a most important part if you are.

Or you may be contemplating taking the "vital step" and expect to be a June bride. If this is the case, of course, clothes, the most attractive you have ever had, are a first consideration. Think of the money you will save toward many other things you will want if you make your vacation wardrobe or trousseau yourself.

Blue or canary colored yellow flannel is suggested for pattern No. 2365. This pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3 yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting, are required.

The youthful bouffant silhouette is very fashionable this year. Printed silk crepe was chosen for the dress shown in pattern No. 2373. The background of the material is the ever-popular beige color and the motifs are printed in red, green, and blue. This pattern can also be used for summer dance frocks, the pastel shades of taffeta being suitable.

Dress pattern No. 2373 is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material are required.

The surplice closing of the design shown in pattern No. 2367 will appeal to many. Kasha, a silk crepe, ribbed silk, or linenlike material is suggested for the development of this pattern, which comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting, are required.

Godets are favored to great extent! In the smart straight-line dress shown in pattern No. 2366 the dress is slashed up from the hemline each side of the front, and insets of self or contrasting material are inserted. Flannel or kasha would be a very good choice for this design, the patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material, with 1⅜ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

As in the vacation wardrobe, sports clothes are stressed; so are they very important in the June bride's trousseau. Flannel, jersey, kasha, or crepe de Chine is suggested for pattern No. 2374, which is of the popular two-piece type. The pattern includes a separate slip-on blouse and a skirt with an applied band and button trimming. For the 36-inch size 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material are required. The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS

P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
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HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Noted editor to help entrants in $50,000 "Liberty" Contest

HERE is an announcement of utmost importance to every man and woman who is working to win one of the two $25,000 prizes offered by "Liberty" Magazine. We can express it in a single paragraph—

Frederick Palmer, the greatest living authority on photoplay and fiction writing, will help you in preparing your synopsis for the contest in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture producers.

Mr. Palmer will do this because his life-work is to discover and aid new writers. The motion picture industry needs them. The publishers of books and magazines need them. And Mr. Palmer works in conjunction with publishers and producers to supply the need.

With Mr. Palmer's help, your chance to win the fortune offered by "Liberty" Magazine for a great story expressed in synopsis form will be vastly improved.

Free book to help you

You can have Mr. Palmer's help for the asking. He has written a little book, entitled "Writing the Story Synopsis," which tells how to begin a photoplay, how to build it up, how to sustain interest and how to end it. It deals with definitions and explanations in connection with theme, unity, illusion of reality, coincidence and preparation, human interest, comedy, heroic value, picture value, novelty and simplicity.

It defines plot and explains plot structure. It tells how to write a synopsis and how to prepare a manuscript for submission. It contains a list of dos and don'ts and information concerning copyright, censorship, studying the screen and selecting story material, with comment on the thirty-six dramatic situations.

Wrote 52 screen plays in one year!

Frederick Palmer's qualifications to write this vital little book are high. He is Editor-in-Chief of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, the great training school for new writers. He himself is a photo-dramatist of note, and one of the most prolific in the motion-picture industry. When he was with Universal Pictures Corporation, he established a record of writing fifty-two produced screen plays in one year. Therefore, he knows—knows just what makes good screen drama, and just how to present it.

But his knowledge goes further, because he knows how to teach—how to impart his sense of dramatic technique to others. You will doubtless recall that several years ago the *Chicago Daily News*, in conjunction with Goldwyn, conducted a scenario contest in which prizes aggregating $30,000 were given. The first prize of $10,000 was won by a woman who had been trained by Mr. Palmer, and seven other prizes in the same contest went to other students of his.

This is your opportunity

Your opportunity is right here and now. You can have this booklet, prepared by Mr. Palmer, free, merely by filling out and mailing the coupon below. Think of what it would mean to you to win that great prize! Why, it is a fortune, a sum sufficient to bring ease to you and your family the rest of your lives. It is certainly worth while making the effort to win such a prize, because somebody is going to win it. Why not you? And just because it is so much worth while, you cannot afford to submit your synopsis without getting all the help possible on its preparation

So send for the booklet. But do not delay. The contest closes June 1st, and there is no time to be lost.

Mail this Coupon

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Associated with the Palmer Photoplay Corp.
Dept. 64-RA, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me your free booklet, "Writing the Story Synopsis," without cost and without obligation.

Name.....

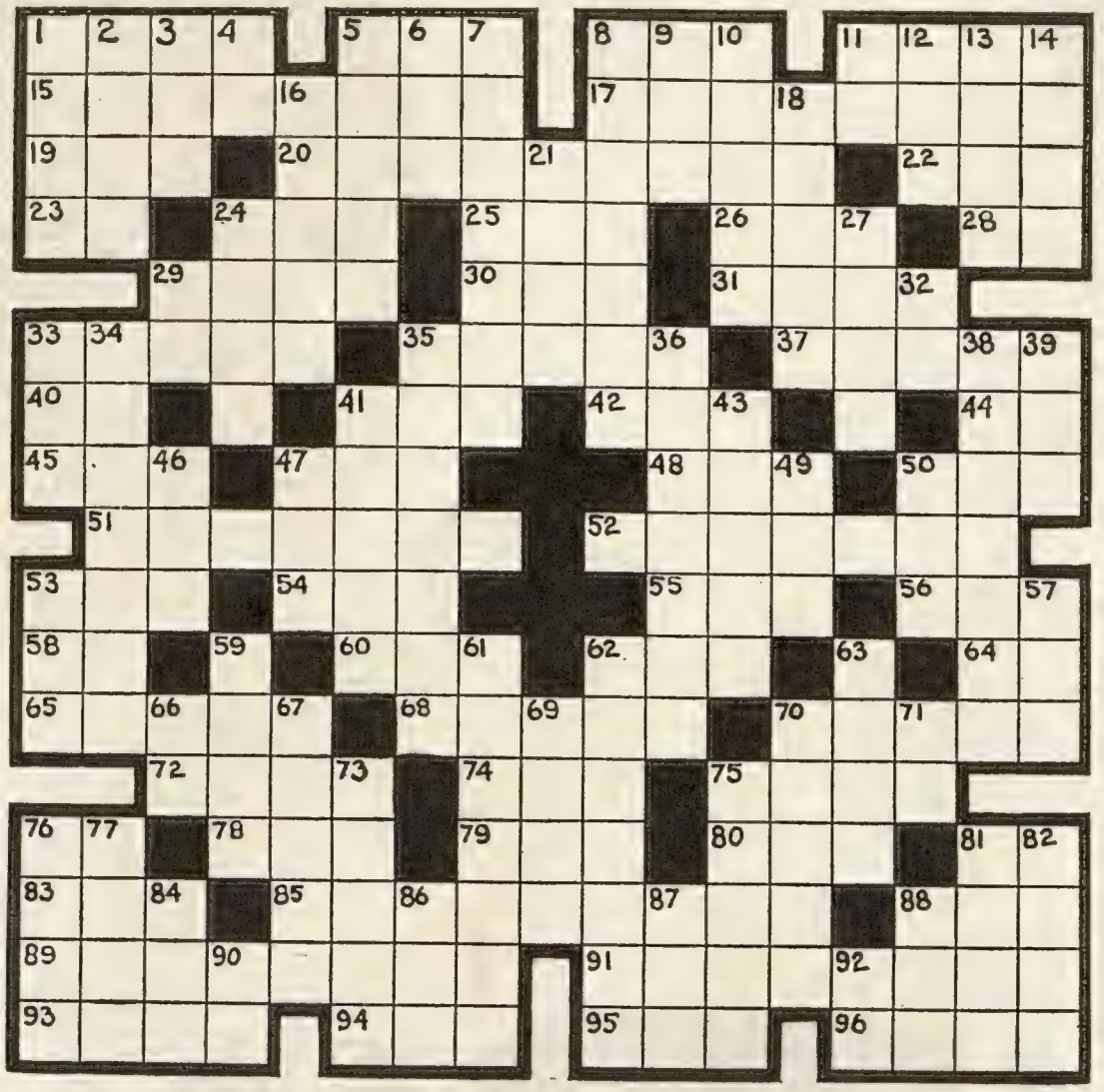
Address.....

City.....

State.....

LIBERTY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 25

THE gypsy gentleman referred to in Horizontal Number 5 swings out on the highroad—the merry month of May is approaching again. We usher in this welcome season with a puzzle that will tease your wits. We wager you always thought of Horizontal Number 83 as a fat boy waddling in and out of a country store. Look at the dignified title we have unearthed for him: "In Babylonian mythology: god of war and pestilence." Do you recognize "Ira" under this disguise? Watch out for the correct solution in next week's Liberty.



HORIZONTAL

1 To shut forcibly and noisily
5 A gypsy gentleman
8 Convened, as a legislative body
11 Among
15 A numeral
17 To excite to impatience
19 Frequently (poetical)
20 A section of India
22 Light collation
23 Pronoun
24 Projection on which to hang something
25 A Canadian province (abbr.)
26 A girl's name
28 A title of courtesy (abbr.)
29 Desolate
30 A man's wergild (historical)
31 To cover the inner surface of something
33 To mark with lines, scratches or notches
35 The watery portion of an animal fluid remaining after coagulation
37 Substance composed of the skeletons of zo-ophytes
40 One of the United States (abbr.)
41 The bottom of a river
42 A disorderly assemblage of persons
44 Syllable sounded in solmization
45 To fortify, in a moral sense
47 Corpulent
48 Sesame
50 Befriend
51 Opposes
52 Display bills
53 Alighted
54 An elevation used in golf
55 A slender stick
56 An islet in a river or lake
58 "That is" (initials)
60 Moisture condensed upon the surfaces of cool bodies
62 A haunt
64 Negative vote or decision
65 The tine of a fork
68 Possessing savor or flavor
70 Funeral oration
72 A maiden
74 A fish
75 To fetter
76 To answer the purpose
78 Also
79 Prior
80 Negation
81 Theological degree (initials)
83 In Babylonian mythology: god of war and pestilence
85 Caused to approach
88 Perception of sound
89 Inventor who has protected his device by law
91 Fabric wall hanging
93 Sliding vehicle
94 Singular
95 To perch
96 Grains of a particular cereal grass

VERTICAL

1 Flakes of ice congealed in the air
2 Living beings collectively
3 Pismire
4 Personal pronoun
5 To exercise sovereign power
6 The monetary unit of Japan
7 Furnished with a quality or faculty
8 Jingling instrument used by Egyptians in the worship of Isis
9 Second person singular present of "be" (poetical)
10 The train of a dress
11 By
12 Entangle
13 Detail, as of a bill
14 Costly
16 At that point
18 Of or pertaining to India
21 A heavy blow (slang)
24 To gaze steadily or intently
27 At another time
29 Behold!
32 Suffix forming nouns from other nouns
33 Locality containing mineral springs
34 Bearer
35 Long seats
36 Drove in an automobile
38 Springing up
39 Guided
41 Founded
43 The American buffalo
46 Confronted
47 A convulsion
49 Limited (abbr.)
50 A goddess of vengeance or destruction (Greek myth.)
53 The edge or margin of a hollow vessel
57 The fore end of the foot
59 A small insect
61 Staked
62 Marks with an address
63 A long, narrow aperture
66 A biblical character (Deut., i. 4)
67 A low moaning sound
69 A seaport of Brazil
70 To wear away
71 Over and in contact with
73 A game
75 Unsuitable
76 Inclines downward
77 Spoken
81 To start forth suddenly
82 Antagonists of alcohol
84 Used, as an article of food
86 To put in position for drying, as hay
87 Pertaining to the linguistic stock of Indo-China
88 A letter of the Greek alphabet
90 The whole number of copies of a printed work (abbr.)
92 For that reason

R	A	G	E		S	W	I	M		D	O	G		E	O	N
E	V	E	R		P	A	N		H	E	R		H	E	R	O
S	O	L	O	M	O	N		M	E	N		S	A	L	A	D
	N	I	T	E	R		R	O	B		S	I	M	P	L	E
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S	I	P			U	N	I	T	I	N	G			U	R	N
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I	R	A	T	E		O	R	T		M	I	N	A	R	E	T
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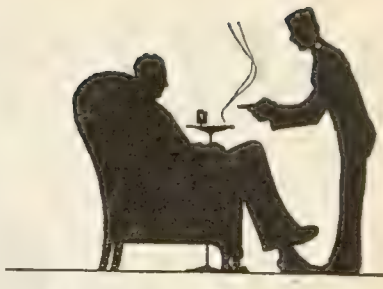
Answer to Puzzle No. 24



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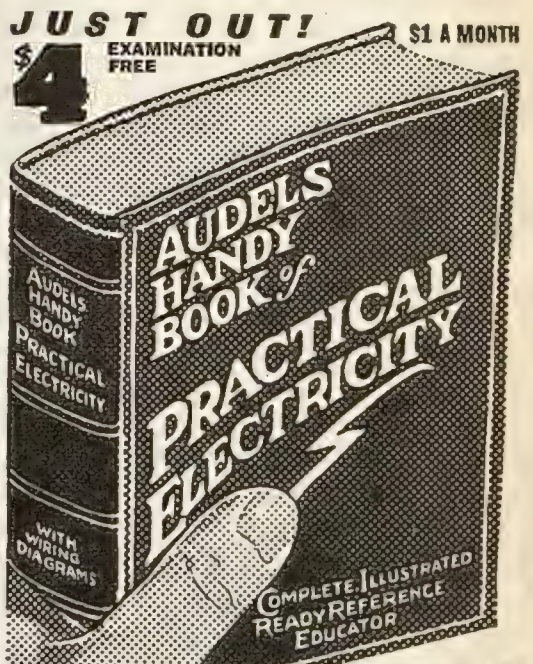

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The Soul of NEW YORK

One Individual Embodies the Spirit of America's Greatest City, Says

WALTER DAVENPORT

in This Entertaining Article. And the Individual's Name Is Alfred Smith!

Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York, at his headquarters in the midst of a campaign.

P. & A. Photo.

THE boyhood of the author of this article was not very different from the childhood and adolescence of any other small-town boy.

One of the things he hated most was good advice. Another was the habit of his elders pointing to their favorite great men and telling him that if he did precisely as they told him he, too, would one day be great and prosperous and venerated.

In fact, several quite reputable heroes were spoiled for him in that way—Senator Arthur P. Gorman, Stonewall Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, and the Rev. Dwight L. Moody being among them. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were almost ruined for him.

It is probable that had Al Smith been among the heroes of that day he would not have been held up to the author as a hero, because Al represents Tammany Hall. But the chances are that Al Smith would have been my own selection as a hero, just as were Buffalo Bill, Jim Corbett, the local Casey Jones, and Nap Lajoie.

So while I wouldn't for the world force any hero on any boy, I make the prediction now that the rise of Alfred E. Smith from Manhattan's Cherry Hill to Albany's Capitol Hill will be a better story for boys than the school histories provide. And if not—well, boys have changed, that's all.

P. & A. Photo.

Mrs. Smith and three of the Smith children—Walter J., Catherine, and Arthur W.

IT IS to be regretted, although what follows will have as little as possible to do with politics, that the printed record does not contain the story of an important conference held in 1903.

Big Tom Foley, who made the world better by adding to its romance, was wont to wave the matter aside when asked for details.

"Now, how in the name of your sainted mother can I be remembering that?" said Mr. Foley. "It was about the time my own club, the Down Town Tammany Club, was getting its legs well under it, we having left Paddy Deever's Club to form one of our own, and there wasn't a night which wasn't heavy with important work. Just say we were that impressed with the personality of him we told him to run and he ran, and he hasn't stopped yet or got off the main track."

However, you can be pretty sure that wherever the meeting was held—in Tammany Hall itself or under the Brooklyn Bridge—it concluded with the arrival of a young fellow undistinguished in appearance save for a somewhat gnomish skull which, oddly enough, seemed quite securely supported on a neck apparently too skinny for it.

Now, this is primarily a story of New York City, neither for it nor against it, merely of it. The editors and the politicians will assure you the folks back home don't give an adenoidal hoot for New York City; that the calm serenity of Royal Oak is balm, frankincense, and myrrh for body and soul whilst the very air one breathes from New York Bay is laden with the sulphurous fumes of perdition.

I don't believe that any more than they do. Furthermore I know, as they know, there is no discernible truth in their professional home talk that New York is Sodom's back yard, that it (thank Heaven!) is not typical of America, that it is, in fine, the least American city in all the world. Gentlemen and ladies whose spirits soar above mere sordid commonplaces have told me, by way of defining their reasons for thus belaboring our largest small town, that New York City lacks a soul. There, if you please, is the ghastly truth in a word. The city lacks a soul.

The remainder of this article might, with gross futility, be devoted to verbose generalities of soul definition and synthesis, but we return, rather, to that Tammany meeting of two decades back and, once more calling attention to the young man who entered the presence of big Tom Foley with his hat in his hand and deference in his manner, introduce him as our concept of the Soul of New York.

HE is New York. He is the Bowery and Broadway, although more of the former. He is Chatham Square, Gramercy Park, Eleventh Avenue, and Columbus Circle about equally divided. He is Coney Island. He is the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. He is, as no other New Yorker, New York. Alfred E. Smith, Governor of his State, the one-man dynasty.

"You're lookin' fine, Al," said Big Tom, that night in 1903. "Feelin' like a scrap?"

"I'm leavin' that to you, chief," said Al Smith.

And so it came to pass that Al Smith, secretary of the Seymour Club in the Second Assembly District, ran for the Legislature and won, by a small plurality, his first elective office. He was a child of circumstances. It is not apparent that he craved a political career. His bent seemed to favor the stage, for he was an energetic if not tremendously talented amateur actor. The rumor of that

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day had it Charles Frohman had seen him in the part of *The Honorable Bardwell Slote* in The Mighty Dollar, as staged and acted by the St. James Players in St. James's Hall, a step or two off the Bowery, and had invited Al to partake of the fame and fortune of the Frohman Stock Company then holding forth at the Empire Theater.

So it was because he was drafted for the Legislature that Al did not continue his buskined way to eminence via the principal parts in May Blossom, The Confederate Spy, The Long Strike, Hazel Kirke, The Night Before Christmas, and The Bells. As the star of the St. James Players, the current Governor of New York shouldered the principal roles in all these dramas, and more. He was, his admirers admit, particularly effective in Hazel Kirke, in which he did, of course, *Arthur Carringford (Lord Travers)* with a topper, Inverness, and—let the Fourth Ward howl—a monocle.

BUT what profits that? He went to the Legislature, where he remained for twelve years, a not over-remarkable feat inasmuch as he served well and to the entire satisfaction of Big Tom, whose battle for control of the district had entirely satisfied Paddy Deever's boys that Paddy was politically disarmed.

"Al Smith is no silk stocking lad," said Mr. Foley one evening in Tammany Hall. "He's just Al Smith to start with, and in addition he has political sense, just as you say a man's got card sense or a woman's got society sense, or the like of that. And he never got topheavy. Nope. Al never forgot where he came from any more than he would forget where he was going."

One finds verification of Mr. Foley's words in the early speeches and interviews credited to Mr. Smith. He is shown entering the Assembly at Albany determined that he would introduce no bill he did not understand. Right there he placed himself in the ranks of the Legislature's minority.

"There isn't anything in the world outside of your religion that you can't put into a few simple words," he is reported as saying to the newspaper correspondents on one occasion after he became, in their opinion, worth interviewing.

He ceased to be a legislator in 1915, when Tammany, desiring to strengthen a threatened city ticket, nominated him for sheriff. He filled that office with adequacy if not distinction. It is not noticeable that he was either the best or the worst of sheriffs, and he manifested no extraordinary qualities as president of the board of aldermen, which office he quit in 1918 to run for and be elected Governor. That he was not then the popular idol is evident because his margin of victory was only fifteen thousand votes.

But it is in defiance of the avowed inspiration of this article to review the political career and programs of Al Smith. What his future will be is a great deal more of a problem than might appear to one who is convinced of his popularity. I asked him whether at the end of this, his third term as Governor of New York, he would be a candidate for the United States Senate.

"You wouldn't answer that question if you were in my place," he growled with truth. "Any man with the two-year outlook I have ahead of me has no business talking about what he'll do two years hence."

And he is quite right about it. He is the sole survivor of the Democratic ticket which was placed before the citizenry of New York State last November. He is the sole survivor because he is Al Smith. He is all alone with but one weapon to give battle—his veto power. Judiciously used, such a club produces as well as demolishes.

Nineteen twenty-five and nineteen twenty-six will be Al Smith's most important years in so far as his political career is concerned. The chances are good that Alfred Emanuel Smith will not follow to Washington in the footsteps of such of his predecessors in the Governor's chair as Martin Van Buren, Grover Cleveland, or Theodore Roosevelt. He is an avowed wet, and he is a devout Roman Catholic. It is weakly silly to pretend that his religious convictions would not cause hundreds of thousands to vote for his Protestant opponent, no matter how superior in all the desirable virtues Smith might be. The intelligence of such voting is not under discussion here.

And there is no indication that this country is ever going to modify its prohibition laws. In my not inconsiderable travels back and forth and up and down these United States I have gathered enough of the popular mind to be stanch in my belief that we will grow drier and drier and that prohibition is not only possible, but popular.

But he may very well go to the United States Senate or he may stand for election the next time New York City selects a mayor, and unless his manifold enemies at Albany achieve the miraculous and subject him to a total eclipse, it would be a supreme optimist who opposed him with any confidence.

It would be a singularly fitting thing, from a sentimental standpoint, that Al Smith should be mayor of New York, because, as I have intimated, he is the spirit of New York. He was born fifty-one years ago in that part of New York which is uppermost in the minds of outsiders as the real New York. Not Broadway. Not Fifth Avenue. In the purlieus of the Bowery.

NO considerable furor attended the event because the arrival of another baby in 174 South Street was no novelty. Al Smith's father—Alfred Emanuel, Sr.—was a truckman who had been born in Oliver Street near Water in the forties. His mother—Catherine Mulvihill Smith—was born in Dover Street near Water. Thus the child was to be steeped at once in the atmosphere of Cherry Hill—born in it, nurtured on it, and have it indelibly written into his vocabulary.

At ten Al took to selling newspapers on Park Row after school, and at thirteen, his father dying, he abandoned the classroom and took to gainful employment. It was during his first campaign for the Governorship that he capitalized this first serious job he had ever held by informing a socially distinguished audience that he was at perfect ease among them because, said he:

"I am, after all, an F. F. V., you know."

A lovely young female, herself a product of a First Family of Virginia, made involuntary sounds of surprise—loud enough for Al Smith to hear and for his swift intelligence to interpret.

"Yes," he went on, "Fulton Fish Vender."

I do not know, of course, how that audience voted at the ensuing election, but it would not be a foolish bet that it went ten to one for Alfred Emanuel Smith of Cherry Hill.

For seven years Al was a fishmonger and, contrary to all the rules of such Oliver Optic epics, he did not devote his nights to books. Nor is it apparent that he subjected himself to any sort of training for any career in particular. But, combined with his Thespian propensities there was a love for the debate, and Cooper Union and St. James's Hall rang with no dispute which was not attended by him. His mind, being blotterlike, garnered an extraordinary harvest of opinions.

What with his ability at the footlights and his natural forensic powers, he was easily the indoor champion of the St. James Union, but more was necessary. Those were hardy days when a nonmuscular lad was under a mighty handicap, and while the record holds nothing which links Al with the noble gangster of his youth it does produce documentary and pictorial evidence that he was not only the president of the St. James Wheelmen, but champion long distance coaster of New York.

THOSE were the days when anyone having his being in the environs of the Bowery was either a Tammany man or suspected of being more than slightly demented. The exceedingly articulate Al Smith was, to again quote the late Mr. Foley, as likely a prospect as any organization ever had. To give this likely prospect a taste of politics he was made a district captain and placed in the office of the commissioner of jurors, where he was put to work serving notices of impending jury duty upon his fellow citizens.

We venture the opinion that he would have made one of the world's greatest salesmen had he taken to commerce instead of politics. His voice carries conviction even through the radio microphone. It is an admixture of growl, grumble, and guttural, a weighty voice with surprising carrying power. It issues from a deep throat and a mouth which insists upon twisting downward to the left. His is a native Manhattan accent which produces Thoid Avenues and beautiful boids, but I have never heard a political vocabulary so scant of bunk.

"The people of New York have pretty clearly demonstrated their affection for you, Mr. Smith," I said. "Excepting George Clinton, who flourished away back before and about the year 1800, you are the only man to have been elected Governor three times—and there is no certainty that you won't establish a new record. How do you feel about that?"

"How would you feel?" he parried. "Let me tell you something. A man who won't confess to a sense of elation when he's honored and applauded by his fellow men and women is a liar and the truth is not in him."

"If you were giving advice to the young man starting in politics, Governor," I asked him, "what would you say?"

"Nothing he'd pay much attention to, I guess. One of the things to avoid is to hand out advice. But you can't make a mistake if you stick to telling the truth as you see it, lay off making promises you aren't pretty sure you can keep, make good every promise or show proof why you can't, remember that the people who are listening to you are as intelligent as you are, if not more so; don't think you can force people to believe something *you* don't believe, don't commit yourself to anything you know is crooked, don't forget that they're electing you not for your health but for theirs, stick close to your family and your church, and—and—well, don't be any more of a damned fool than you can help."

Such is the political creed of the man who, more than any other, is representative of the real spirit of Manhattan, the Bronx, Kings, Queens, and Richmond. J. P. Morgan isn't New York. Flo Ziegfeld isn't New York. Bishop Manning isn't New York. Neither E. H. Gary nor Charles M. Schwab is New York.

Al Smith is.

THE END

" Painless, eh? " he kept ejaculating. " I'd like to tattoo you, you black devil! "

A Short Story of an Indelible Sea Nymph That Became a Sea Imp

The Tattooed Mermaid

By OWEN OLIVER

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

I.

MR. NOKES and Mr. Gannell met upon the Hard at Waterbourne one blowy October morning between cruises. They were ship's stewards by profession, but members of the leisure classes by preference. They looked at the waves dejectedly and shook their heads.

" Soon be there again, Jim," Mr. Nokes observed, " playing pitch and toss, and us the pennies. Got a drink on you? "

" Not unless Mrs. Syms'll stick it up," Mr. Gannell said. " Told me yesterday as there was seventeen and six to be settled afore I went on my next trip. ' Have to be after I come back, missus,' I says; and she says, ' May be after with the seventeen and six; but it'll be beforehand for the rest.' Women ain't got no feeling."

" They'd drive you to drink and from it," Nokes complained. " Howsomever, as she's let you run up seventeen and six, she can't do less for yours truly. I'm only down for fourteen and three, as yet. You come and have one along of me."

They moved off to the " Hen and Lobster " at the corner of the Hard, secured two pints (entered up to Mr. Nokes), and carried them into the taproom. Mr. Nokes took up the Waterbourne *Mercury* and Mr. Gannell yesterday's *Times*. Mr. Gannell gave a start and a gasp and cleared his throat and read:

> If Thomas Butt, son of Josiah and Emma Butt of Dundley, will communicate with Read & Sellen, 7, Short Lane, E. C., he will hear of something to his advantage. Ten pounds reward for information leading to finding him. Distinguishing mark, mermaid tattooed on arm near shoulder.

" Old Tough Tom! " cried Nokes. " He comes from Dundley, right enough. Ten quid will set us on our legs again."

" Us? " said Mr. Gannell. " Here! "

" I ain't wanting to jump your claim," said Nokes. " You ought to know me better; but, if you get the reward, natural you'll pay me that three pound fifteen you've owed me these eight months."

" Well," said Gannell, " I don't say as I won't, if I get that reward. He'll be dropping in shortly, hanging 'round Mrs. S., as per usual. I'll show him the advert."

" Show it to him! " Nokes roared. " He'd run straight off to the lawyers and trace hisself! And where's our ten pounds? "

" Ah! " said Gannell. " Ah! . . . Find out if he's the man, you think, and then go and see the lawyers? Insist on money down, eh? How are we going to make sure that he's the man? "

" Mermaid on his arm," Nokes said. " Here comes Mrs. Syms. . . . We was talking about Mr. Butt, ma'am. Do you happen to have seen his arms? His bare arms, without his coat and shirt sleeves? "

" Bare arms! " the landlady cried. " The imperence! For two pins I'd smack you."

" I thought he might have tucked up his sleeves to do a job for you, perhaps," Nokes explained, " seeing how friendly and——"

" And seeing as how he loves work," the landlady snapped. " Friendly it is, and no ' and ' about it, while he spends his time loaf-

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ing about, like you two. All I know of his arms is that he'd knock both your heads off with them if I told him you was making insinnyations about our characters!"

She flounced out.

"Just like a woman," Gannell growled. "Sees what isn't meant and blames your nasty mind for it. Look here, Bill. We've got to see his arm somehow. It means six pound five to me and three fifteen to you."

"Let's talk about strength and all that," Nokes proposed. "He'll brag, as usual. We'll draw him on to tuck up his sleeve to show his muscles. . . . Here he comes. *S-sh!*"

MR. THOMAS BUTT, who strolled in, was a ship's carpenter's mate, when at sea, which was not oftener than he could help.

"Funny you should come in just as we was speaking of you," Gannell observed. "Bill here was saying as strong men was all hairy, like Samson; about the arms in particular. I said as you was in the Samson line, but I hadn't never noticed as you had a particular hairy arm."

"Welcome to feel it at any time," the big man growled. "What have you been saying to Mrs. Syms about me and my blooming arms? For twopence I'd knock your heads together." He approached them menacingly.

"Now, Mr. Butt," the landlady cried from the door, "don't you go making a disturbance in my house. I'll draw you a mug of beer if you'll come and fetch it quiet and peaceful."

He went out after the landlady.

"That don't work," Gannell said. "There's only one thing to be done. One of us will have to fight him. Then he'll tuck up his sleeves."

"Well, you fight him," said Nokes. "He's too big for me."

"I don't take you into partnership for nothing," Gannell objected. "I found the advert. Now it's your turn to do the dirty work."

"Might have to pay my heirs," Nokes objected, "and I ain't got none."

"You could give in quick," Gannell encouraged him.

"Get half killed for twenty-five bob," Nokes grumbled. "My blood 'ud be on your head if he settled me. Howsomever, Mrs. Syms will soon come in and stop it. The moment his shirt sleeves go up, you run for her."

When Butt reappeared Nokes stood up, folded his arms, and eyed him severely.

"Butt," he said, "I don't like the way you behaved just now; don't like it."

"Then," said Butt, "you can lump it!"

"That," Nokes stated, "is what I don't intend to do. I mayn't be a big man, but I've got a big heart! You think you're a Hercules; but let me tell you there's skill as well as strength."

"Eh?" Butt put down his beer. "Got a bee in your bonnet and want it knocked out?"

"My temper's up," Nokes explained.

Butt laughed.

"Then you put it down," he advised. "I don't want to have Mrs. Syms nagging me for hitting a little man like you."

"You're afraid of me," Nokes taunted him. "That's what it is."

Butt jumped up from the bench.

"Afraid of you!" he roared. "Afraid of *you!* Another half word and I'll knock your head off, you little fool! You know you couldn't stand up to me for two rounds."

"One will satisfy me," Nokes said. "That's all I ask. Get ready."

He removed his coat, and turned up his shirt sleeves.

"Well," said Butt, "if you *will* have it——!" He put up his fists.

"Here!" cried Gannell. "Do it proper, Tom. Take off your coat—I'll hold it—and turn your sleeves up."

"Bah!" said Butt. "I ain't got to take off my coat to him."

He advanced on Nokes, who backed away rapidly.

"I ain't going to fight you unless you take your coat off," he yelled.

"And turn your sleeves up," Gannell added.

"Well," Butt said, "you turn 'em up, if you're so bally anxious to see my arms. What's this joke you've got on me? Spit it out, or I'll wring your neck."

He laid hold of Nokes.

"It was for your good," Nokes pleaded. "We thought we could do you a good turn, Butt. You listen before you touch me. You tell him, Gannell. He won't stand in the way of us getting our proper reward."

"You promise that, Tom," Gannell said, "and we'll put you on the road to a fortune. Straight. Now! Do you come from Dundley?"

"In course I do."

"No one there who'd be likely to leave you anything, eh?"

"Eh? What? . . . Is it my uncle? Old Ben Grout, the grocer?"

"As likely as not. Our information doesn't go so far as to say who it's from; only that there's something come to you. Mind, you've got to let us get in first to the lawyers, and have our ten quid for tracing you. Read this 'ere. You've got the mermaid on your arm, all right, eh?"

"NO," Butt growled, "you silly old blighter, I ain't. *My* father and mother were Luke and Polly. It's my cousin Tom they're after. He pegged out in California four year ago. As like as two peas, we always were; the legacy will be from Uncle Ben. Thomas was always his favorite."

"Had he a mermaid on his arm?" Nokes asked.

"He had," said Butt, "the fool. He told me he was talked into it; done when he was drunk and sorry when he was sober."

"He showed it to *you* then?"

"Didn't—kept his back between me and his arms the only time I ever saw him undress. I was in bed. He'd undressed me first. We'd met at—well, I *think* it was Gibraltar. Anyhow, it was some place where wine was about twopence a bottle; and I landed with a half dollar in my pocket. . . . Undressed me, the good old chap did, and turned to hide up the bally mermaid; but I had a good view in the looking glass. About that big, it was. I'd make a very close shot at drawing it."

"Have you got one?" Gannell interrupted.

"Told you I ain't."

"And that," said Gannell, "is all that stands between you and a fortune; and loses Bill and me ten pounds!" He pondered a moment.

"There's an Indian down at the docks," Gannell observed, "in Sea Lane, next door to the rope shop, what goes in for tattooing people. He'd do a mermaid for about ten bob."

"Ah-h-h!" said Butt. "A bit painful, ain't it?"

"Practically painless," Nokes asserted. "Looks as good as old, he says, after four or five days, when the inflammation's gone."

"Inflammation, eh?" said Butt. "I don't like the sound of it; and it means perjury or something of that sort, if you're found out, and, if you ain't, it might lie heavy on your conscience. What's more, I ain't got the money. Got a half quid, either of you?"

They shook their heads.

"Then," said Butt, "what's the use of talking?"

"Couldn't you borrow it?" Gannell suggested, motioning to the bar. "Say from someone with a soft heart toward you?"

"It's only soft to the extent of a tankard or a half quartern," Butt said, dismally.

"Ah!" said Nokes, artfully. "But suppose she knew you was coming into a fortune?"

Butt left, paper in hand. After ten minutes Nokes and Gannell became pessimists.

"You can't put dependence on females," Gannell observed. "They talk sentimental; say they'd die for love and all that; but try to touch 'em for a few bob——"

He paused at the entrance of the potman, carrying a tray which bore two tankards.

"The missus thought you might be dry and sent this in," the potman announced.

Nokes and Gannell became optimists.

"When a woman's all right, she's *all* right!" Nokes observed. "This shows as she's coming to terms with Tom, eh? It ought to work out all right for him in the end, what with one thing and another; *and* for us."

"Mind you," Gannell said, "it may be a good thing for *her*, in the end. Marry him, sooner or later, she was bound to; and now she won't have to keep him entire! What luck, Tom?"

"Well," Butt reported, "it's as it turns out. I've got two quid; but I've got to marry her if I come in for enough to marry on. I don't mind *that*, so much; but she's impatient-like; wants me to rush off at once and claim my legacy. I'll have trouble with her while I'm giving the mermaid time to dry."

"He'll make it as painless as possible," Nokes stated; "and we'll come and look after you."

The tattooer said he could do the mermaid, which Butt drew, for twelve and six; but there was a more painless and quicker drying process which cost seventeen and six, owing to the expensive dye and drugs. In the end, he agreed to take sixteen shillings for the superior illustration. Butt bared his left arm; Nokes and Gannell held it and him.

"Painless, eh?" he kept ejaculating. "I'd like to tattoo *you*, you black devil! Or one of you, you grinning swine! If the legacy ain't worth having, I'll smash the pair of you!"

At last the process was completed.

"You see it in the glass, Tom," Nokes entreated. "You've got just the arm for it."

Butt rose and walked over to the big glass, stared, started, gave a yell.

"He's done it on the wrong arm!" he gasped. "The wrong arm."

"It was the one you gave me to do!" the tattooer protested.

"And said 'left arm,'" Nokes expostulated. "What was you thinking of?"

"It was his bally left arm in the glass!".

"That would be his right arm out of it."

"I'll do the other arm for thirteen shillings," the tattooer offered. "Make you look the same in the glass and out!"

Nokes and Gannell put their hands over their mouths. Butt turned on them.

"You—fools!" he roared. "For two pins I'd set marks on *you* that wouldn't wash off. Get out, the pair of you, before I kill you."

They hurried to the door, and he took his seat again. "Now, you black devil, put me through it again."

II.

THE week following the tattooing was a troubled one for the conspirators. The mermaid "settled down" very slowly.

"They'll be handsome when they unblister

and cool down," Nokes said; "improve the look of you when you're washing. Rome wasn't built in a day; nor decorated neither. You and us have got to be patient, mate."

"*She* hasn't got to be," Butt said; "and she isn't. Talks of making a move in the business herself, if I don't. What excuse have I got to give her next time she asks to see the mermaid or have her money back?"

"The only thing," Gannell said, "is to be laid up for a bit, take to your bed."

"Chill on the liver," Nokes suggested; "she can't ask to see that!"

So Butt took to his bed. The doctor agreed that his symptoms indicated a chill on the liver. (Gannell got him the symptoms out of a book in the free library.) He prescribed rest in a recumbent position.

They got through the second uncomfortable week somehow. At the end of it the mermaid still looked too new and too pimply; and Mrs. Syms began to give serious trouble.

"You may call it a chill," she said, "but it looks to me more like blood poisoning; from a scratch or something. Perhaps that tattooing's run into your system. Suppose it carried you off sudden, and you hadn't established yourself. You could write to the lawyers, or I'll write for you; or you could send Mr. Nokes or Mr. Gannell—or me."

She favored going herself.

"Of course," she stated, "I should pay the reward over to Mr. Gannell—after deducting both their scores. Mr. Gannell could deduct Mr. Nokes's when he pays him the three fifteen. Won't be much left. That would save any trouble in settling up. Suppose I run up tomorrow, Tom?"

"You couldn't do it, Jennie," Butt said, shaking his head solemnly. "They wouldn't listen to anyone who hadn't actually seen the mermaid, and couldn't describe it."

"Oh, well!" said Mrs. Syms. "I shouldn't mind seeing it, before witnesses. I'm not so prudish as all that! Turn up your sleeve, and——"

"I just couldn't, Jennie," Butt said. "I couldn't! I've got my feelings. Men ain't like women, with their low necks and evening dress. I couldn't have you going to lawyers—and perhaps to court—saying that you'd seen my bare arm!"

"I don't see any 'arm in it," said Mrs. Syms; "not meaning a pun, which I detest. However, there's no need for me to say I've seen it if I write. I can just say you've got it; and the lawyer chaps can come and see it for themselves; and write I shall, if you don't get better soon."

"You'd better begin to get all right, very slow and gradual, mate," Mr. Nokes advised when Mrs. Syms had left.

BUTT duly carried out the plan. On the eighth afternoon they announced to Mrs. Syms that they proposed to set out for London on the morrow if they could raise the money for railway fares.

"Of course," Butt observed, "I shall pay them back out of whatever is coming to me—that is to say us, my dear. One of us is as much concerned in the expenditure as the other."

"That," said Mrs. Syms, "is what I thought. So I've saved the fares for us, at a cost of three ha'pence, wrote to them lawyers yesterday. That telegraph boy just now brought a wire to say as they'll be down at eleven tomorrow, and are bringing someone who knows you well, to make sure of you!"

No one said anything till Mrs. Syms had closed the door. Then Butt said unprintable things.

"Come, mate," Gannell expostulated; "you'd got to go through it some time; and the mermaid is nice and healthy now. Sets you off!"

"Pull yourself together, mate," Nokes begged. "You've only got to show a bold face, and a mermaid on your arm. We'll come with you, and testify as we've seen the mermaid for years—seven years at least, which, you say, is about when he had it done. When they're satisfied, you ask for an advance out of what's to come; and we'll stick out for payment down, and that the reward's paid direct to us.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 51]

"Women ain't got no feeling," Mr. Gannell said. "They'd drive you to drink and from it," Nokes complained.

In all the world—no presses like these!

These presses were built to designs as specified by the publishers of Liberty. They make it possible for the beauty of rotogravure to be enriched by color. This is an illustration of how the publishers of Liberty not only keep in step with the times but far enough ahead to achieve dominance!

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Beautiful deep toned rotogravure!

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5¢ Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

Under a Year and Over a Million!

"If you say you ain't my lawful husband," she snapped, "turn up the sleeve of your right arm!"

Strothmann

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

We don't want her knocking off those scores."

"Umph!" said Butt. "What's hers is going to be mine. Howsomever, it ain't yet. You back me up and I'll back you up. Hope they haven't got a photo of his bally mermaid. That's what's on my mind. I drew the tail all right, but the face I wasn't too sure of. You know the state I was in when I saw it. Still, he had the decency to be ashamed of it, and 'tain't likely that he'd let it be photoed; and I think I drew it pretty near right. *I* couldn't swear it wasn't the one, if I didn't know . . . but I'd like to know who the chap they're bringing may be."

"YOU'LL see in the morning," Nokes consoled him. "You get to bed early and have a good rest, and give the mermaid one, and rub a little dust on her. Make her look more antique."

"And don't lose your spirits," Gannell advised. "'Tain't only what's to your advantage that you get out of this. There's this pub and whatever Mrs. S. has put by."

"And," Gannell said, "there's Mrs. S. If a man's got to put up with a wife, she's no worse than another; and you was after her before this business came on, you know."

"Oh!" said Butt. "Her! I don't mind *her!* If I could have got her without this mermaid business I'd have been content. However, I couldn't. At least, she'd said 'no' four times. I was going up to seven. . . . I wish I knew who it was they're bringing. I'd work up my memory for him!"

The elderly little lawyer who arrived at the "Hen and Lobster" the next morning did not bring any "him," but an enormous veiled female. He stated that he would introduce the lady in due course, but that he considered it desirable that she should remain "anonymous" until certain questions had been answered.

"Our business," he observed, when they were all seated round the table in the parlor, "is connected with the advertisement which, I gather from Mrs. Syms, you saw in the *Times* of the 24th ult."

"I said 24th *Oct.*," Mrs. Syms corrected. "Short for October."

"The same thing, my dear madam! The same thing! I understand that this gentleman claims to be the person, Thomas Butt, referred to in the advertisement to which I have referred."

"Everyone here knows me for Thomas Butt," Butt stated. "'Tough Tom,' they call me. But before I bother about claiming, or give myself away by answering questions, I want to know what turns upon it."

"Have you a mermaid tattooed on your arm?" the lawyer inquired.

"That," Butt stated, "is a personal matter, concerning my private appearance to myself. What about it?"

"I want to establish your identity," the lawyer explained.

"What for?"

"To hand over to you something which belongs to you, if you are Thomas Butt——"

"He is," the veiled lady said, "but, the question is, which of 'em."

"In particular," the lawyer said, "are you Thomas Butt, the son of Josiah Butt and Emma Butt, *née*——"

"Eh?" Butt queried. "Butt-nay? That wasn't never our name. You ain't going to catch me like that."

"*Née*," the lawyer explained, "is French for 'as she was born.'"

"Naked, in course," Mr. Gannell remarked. "I know a bit of French."

"Er"—the lawyer said—"I don't know about the derivation. Emma Butt, whose name before marriage was Bennet. Was she your mother? . . . There were *two* Thomas Butts, you see—cousins. We want to make sure that you are the right one."

"Which he is," the veiled lady said. "I've been studying him careful, and there ain't another man what's so pig-headed over answering a plain question. *I* know him; and it can be proved by the tattoo marked on him—on his right arm, near the shoulder. How he could be such a fool as to have it done I don't know, but he did. A brazen hussy—all *née*, as you call it—with a tail nearly as big as the rest of her, and long hair that would have done for clothing, if she'd wanted to look respectable . . .

"See here, Tom. I ain't beating about the bush. I've been hunting for you these six years, since you slipped off."

She pulled off her veil, and disclosed a lady who (so Butt said afterward) looked like "a female bulldog elephant."

"If you say you ain't my lawful husband," she snapped, "turn up the sleeve of your right arm!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Syms screamed. "Oh-h-h!"

BUTT said nothing—held to the arms of his chair. Gannell muttered, "Poor old Tom!" Nokes reminded the lawyer that the advertisement said "to his advantage" and also that there was a reward.

"If the mermaid is all right," the lawyer said, "Mr. Butt will be advantaged to the extent of seven hundred pounds, more or less,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Steady! Beeman's quiets nerves—keeps you calm—its use is

"a sensible habit"

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Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

New White Rouge (J'Adore)

(Trade-mark registered and patent applied for)

"Rouge" is French for red—how then can rouge be White? But that is just what this most modern of cosmetics is—it is white when first applied (with the finger tips—never use a puff)—then you rub it gently and the oils of your skin bring out the color to just the shade that is most becoming to you. It may be strawberry, it may be orange or it may be a delicate shell pink, but rest assured it will be exactly the shade best suited to your complexion.

There are as many shades to be found in one box of J'Adore White Rouge as there are different complexions!

Then, too, it is WATERPROOF—IT STAYS ON ALL DAY!

Guaranteed pure and harmless. Price 50c per box, in the U. S. Sold in Beauty Parlors and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer does not carry J'Adore White Rouge send 50c to us for full sized box, postage prepaid.

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(Not Inc.)
Dept. A, 4357 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Distributors:
W. S. WARE & CO., Toronto

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

from the estate of his late uncle, Mr. Benjamin Grout, which, no doubt, has added to the natural desire of his wife to trace him, and the reward will be duly paid. If Mrs. Syms resigns her claim, as informant, it will be paid to whichever of you two gentlemen she indicates."

"I ain't got the heart to talk," Mrs. Syms said. "He may have only got a mermaid on his arm, but he's got worse on his conscience!"

"Ah" said the big lady. "So *that's* it, woman!"

"Woman yourself," said Mrs. Syms; "and he's no man!"

"Now, Mr. Butt," the lawyer said, briskly, "we don't want to waste time in recriminations. What's on your right arm? The legacy, and the reward, turn on that."

Butt did not answer.

"The mermaid's there, all right," Mr. Gannell said, eagerly. "He's showed it to us, many a time, haven't you, Tom? That's what made me notice the advert. The reward's due to *me*, as Mrs. Syms owns."

"And he pays me what he owes out of it," Nokes observed. "Seven hundred pounds you get, Tom."

"And the lady," the lawyer said, jocosely; "and the lady! You're a lucky man!"

"A deceitful wretch!" Mrs. Syms groaned. "Married all the time! And never a word to me."

"He forgot all about it," Nokes suggested. "Always a careless beggar, Tom was. Show 'em the mermaid, old man, and let them get on with paying the reward."

"Aye!" said Gannell. "Show your good lady the mermaid. You needn't be shy of *her!*"

AT that Butt arose. He put one hand upon Nokes's head and one upon Gannell's, gently but weightily.

"It's *your* memories that are bad," he said, "my dear fellows; my *dear* old fellows." The hands pressed heavier. "You'll recollect in a minute. Oh, yes! You'll recollect. You won't contradict me, I'm sure." The hands pressed fiercely. "You are quite correct, ma'am. Your husband had a mermaid tattooed on his right arm. Two blighted idiots persuaded him to have it done; him and me, too. I've often thought I'd like to break their—their necks. I could; and for two pins I would. Aye! If they argued with me about that mermaid I'd do it."

He gave a gentle twist to Nokes's and Gannell's heads.

"Yes, ma'am. We were done at the same time; but *I* was done upon the *left arm.* As we were so alike, we thought it best to distinguish us. . . . If you would like to see my mermaid?"

He took off his coat, with a threatening glance at Nokes and Gannell, and rolled up his left sleeve.

"I call it a disfigurement," he said; "and how I feel to those who kidded me to have it done—well, I don't like to think what I might do if I should lose my temper with them. . . . There's my mermaid, ma'am. . . . You see, old friends, you misremembered the precise arm! Eh?"

He glared at Nokes and Gannell.

"I thought the gentleman said '*left arm,*'" Nokes said, tremulously.

"I first noticed it in the looking-glass," Gannell stated; "reversed him. That's how it was. No offense, Tom."

"That's all right," Butt said. "But don't you make mistakes about me again. . . . or you, ma'am!"

He bowed to the stout lady.

"Grinning ape!" the lady said. "If there ever was a sillier tomfool than my Tom, it's you! Why couldn't you say right out that you wasn't him and not waste our time?"

"Perhaps," the lawyer suggested, suavely, "it was because the advertisement didn't specify the arm. Come along, Mrs. Butt. We shall find your husband yet."

THE lawyer and the lady proceeded to the door. The big woman turned there.

"'Tain't your fault that you wasn't carrying on with my husband," she told Mrs. Syms.

"Carrying on!" Mrs. Syms cried, following them up. "Let me tell you that *I've* got a character; *and* a figure. I . . ."

Gannell closed the door on them.

"We backed you up, Tom," he said. "If we hadn't, that woman—well, anyways, she's a female; but for our help that female would be dragging you off at this moment. Look here, mate, Mrs. S. must be worth a tidy bit over seven hundred. We look to you to see that we don't suffer for not identifying you by what's on the other arm."

"You needn't let *her* see it till you're out of church," Nokes said. "And we won't never mention it. At the least, Tom, you might see that she wipes off our scores."

"Well," Butt said, "you led me into it, but I've got a generous mind. When I'm fixed up with her I'll ask her to do that, and, if she don't lock the till after we're married, I'll see what I can do to make it up to the reward. You hop it before she comes back. I'm going to ask her to fix the day; strike while the iron's hot!"

As Nokes and Gannell went out Mrs. Syms came in, looking hot and flustered and determined.

"Now, Jennie, my dear," Butt said, persuasively, "when is it going to be?"

"When I'm sure it ain't bigamy," Mrs. Syms replied. "*Show me your right arm!*"

THE END

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Two lovers 'neath spring's starry skies,
Love's ties vowed anew with their sighs.
He gave her a ring
A June wedding to bring

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

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(Issue of April 25)

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. "Lightly" is right. Here's the young man in the coupon at the left all dolled up in a dream of bliss. But what's going to happen? Will they live happily ever after? He doesn't know. She doesn't know. There isn't any last line!

You'll have to help. Can't leave a guy in a fix like that. It's going to cost us something, but we're game! So here we go again. . . . .

$500 A WEEK *for* LIMERICKS

Liberty's Record-Breaking Contest---Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of March 21. The Limerick read as follows:

Cy started, one fine circus day,
Resolved no admission to pay.
He crawled under the tent,
No one knew where he went

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

A "blind tiger" had led him astray!

Written by RUTH S. WOOLFOLK, 4100 James Street, New Orleans, La.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Till the elephant scooped up some hay.

Written by F. A. McGUIRE, 204 South Liberty Street, Cherryvale, Kas.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

For the fat lady taught him the "weigh."

Written by RUTH SCHROEDER, 718 27th Avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

"Butt" a goat who soon ended his stay.

Written by GEORGE SULLIVAN, 43 Brevoort Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

As a "cyren" enticed him away.

Written by MRS. E. B. PITTMAN, 610 Campbell Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

SEND 'EM IN, FOLKS! SEND 'EM IN!

FOR THE FIVE BEST LINES

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon above, explaining what happened after the ring changed hands. Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 **3d Prize $75**

2d Prize . . . $100 **4th Prize $50**

5th Prize $25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All Last Lines for *This Week's* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, May 2*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Three "Wows" *by* Foreign Producers

A Composite Motion Picture Review
By ALVA TAYLOR

THE LAST LAUGH
German picture released by Universal

QUO VADIS
Italian picture released by First National

THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES
French picture presented by the Societe d'Editions de Romans Filmes

THERE have been running simultaneously on Broadway in New York three pictures of foreign make—The Last Laugh (German), The Miracle of the Wolves (French), and Quo Vadis (Italian). While all are good, there is one of them which you cannot afford to miss, if you want to see one of the best examples of real moving picture art. That is the German picture.

From the point of view of sheer cinema technique this picture just about reaches perfection. But not because of splendid and spectacular production. Its story and presentation are of the simplest. It isn't a spectacle like The Miracle of the Wolves and Quo Vadis. It is a human interest story so masterfully acted and directed and imagined that it gripped my attention far more than the epic romance of France and the elaborate Roman presentation.

So many tremendous productions have been offered the public by American and German producers that we have become a bit blase about huge cinema attractions. But it is so seldom we have an opportunity to see a picture such as The Last Laugh that such a film looms up as something much more important than a ten-reel spectacle drama.

One of the most striking achievements to the credit of The Last Laugh is that the picture has been put upon the screen entirely without subtitles, except one explanatory note from the author in the middle of the picture, and the contents of one letter. Yet one understands perfectly what is taking place all the time.

Vassili (R. Van Reil), Prefect of the Prætorian Guard, warns Nero (Emil Jannings) of the guards' revolt. A scene from Quo Vadis.

Emil Jannings as the major domo in The Last Laugh.

If this picture had no other virtue, it proves that a movie can be presented without subtitles, if the story is written directly for the screen with the camera in mind. Naturally, you can't take a film like Quo Vadis or The Miracle of the Wolves, both of which have to do with history and a great many people, and put them on the screen without a certain amount of reading matter.

The Miracle of the Wolves, from France, strikes no original notes as does the German film. As an epic drama it is colorful and entertaining. If you care for these historical romances you won't be disappointed with this one. There is an interesting and excellent characterization of King Louis XI. by the French actor, Charles Dullin. The heroine is charmingly beautiful.

The French Government co-operated in making the properties and costumes and sets of the film authentic and magnificent. There is a rapacious pack of wolves which adds greatly to the thrills in the story, and everything on the whole moves along in satisfactory manner except the photography.

For some reason or other the French photography is inferior to that of this country or the German and Italian. One can see in this picture that their intention is of the best, but the camera men didn't seem to be able to get the right kind of lighting. The photography is harsh when it should be soft. It is a credit to the great beauty of Miss Yvonne Sergyl that she looks so beautiful in spite of the way the cameras treated her. Fortunately the French do not use the closeup a great deal. There were, however, some night scenes and closeups which were excellent.

Quo Vadis shows that the Italians know good photography and are able to produce it. The picture, having been made in Rome, has plenty of local color, and keeps up the interest remarkably well.

The chief attraction of the picture is Emil Jannings, imported from Germany to play Nero. This extremely fine screen actor is also the central figure in The Last Laugh. If for no other reason you should see Quo Vadis in order to see what a marvelous actor the man is. See The Last Laugh and Quo Vadis and you will be amazed that the Nero of the Italian picture is the old man of The Last Laugh.

In the German picture he is a pathetic old man, arresting all your sympathies, plucking at your tenderest emotions, as he portrays the tragedy of being too old to keep his position as major domo of a large Berlin hotel. The beloved splendid coat with brass buttons, around which the story centers, symbol of his importance in the community, is taken from him. He is given a white jacket and a position as attendant in the rest room of the hotel. In this picture Jannings makes you love him, makes you weep for him.

As Nero he is cruel, licentious, unscrupulous, vain, passionate. You hate him and loathe him. One should never miss a picture in which Emil Jannings has a part.

Next Week:

A COMPOSITE REVIEW

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH
A Paramount Production

RECOMPENSE
Produced by Warner Brothers

THE DENIAL
A Metro-Goldwyn Production

ON THIN ICE
Produced by Warner Brothers

What Is a Wampas? See Below!

Caption by ALVA TAYLOR

Edwin Bower Hesser Photos

A WAMPAS, IF YOU MUST KNOW, is a young and decorative lady employed in uplifting the films. It is likewise a society of up and comers that meets each year and names a flock of baby stars that in a short while will likewise be up and comers. Above is Evelyn Pierce, youthful Metro star; at the left is Lola Todd, Universal infant, and in the upper left panel we find June Marlowe of Warner Brothers. Wampas bids you keep your eye on these tots. A year or so and they'll be using leopard skin backgrounds with the best of them, leaping off cliffs, and marrying the handsome hero in the end.

The Shock Punch

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

The Adventurous Love Story of a Young Man Who Had Lightning in His Fists

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

RANDALL LEE SAVAGE was in his senior year at college when his father died, leaving him only a small estate, some good advice about a boy's learning to fight his own battles, and a session with a boxing instructor who had taught him a powerful blow known as the "shock punch." Randall embarked in business, but with so little success that even his sweetheart, Dorothy Church, noticed it, and her father, a famous bridge builder, told him he would never be accepted as a son-in-law until he "showed some real stuff." Nettled at the rebuke, young Savage, without telling anyone, went out and got a job on a bridge the Church firm was building over the Hudson. Here he struck up a friendship with a young riveter named Red Holland, who was in love with the timekeeper's daughter, Sally. Also, he incurred the bitter enmity of Bull Mularkey, boss riveter, another aspirant for Sally's favor. Sally's indifference to the likable Red puzzled Savage until, one night, she declared bitterly that she would never marry Red because he gambled all the time—was, indeed, in the recreation room of the camp at that moment, engaged in losing his money. Savage, as it happened, knew something about crooked dice, so he went to the recreation room to investigate.

PART II.— CONCLUSION

MEN were lined up two deep about a long table in the center of the room, which reeked with the fumes of tobacco. None looked up or marked his entrance, so intense were they over the game. Peering over a shoulder, Savage saw an army blanket pulled tautly over the table top to give a smooth, even roll to the dice. He smiled to himself; for a sharper this was the best possible surface.

At the end of the table and towering over the rest stood Bull Mularkey, the boss riveter. Almost all of the money in the game, it seemed to Savage, had found its way to Mularkey's left hand, which grasped a thick sheaf of yellow-back bills. Savage noticed, too, for the first time, that, for a big man, Mularkey had remarkably sensitive fingers. He rolled the dice with an expert sweep of his right hand.

Then he saw Red Holland, a tense, set expression on his face, watching the roll of the dice with bewitched eyes. Of the one hundred and sixty dollars that Savage had seen him draw that noon for his week's pay there were left but a few crumpled bills.

Savage reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills, then stopped short—no, there was a better way. He returned them to his pocket and slipped over behind his tent mate. Leaning over his shoulder, he whispered, "Stake me in the game, Red, and I'll give you my winnings."

Red looked up incredulously, holding up his last two bills. Without a word Savage whisked one of them from his hand and took up a position at the opposite end of the table from Bull Mularkey.

When the dice came around to him he laid his bill down on the table.

"Shooting ten dollars to you, Mr. Mularkey," he said softly, looking straight at the boss riveter.

Bull Mularkey gazed at the newcomer in astonishment. His mouth twisted slowly into

Had she stayed a moment longer she might have seen the same girl sitting under the west tower, crying softly and cradling Red Holland's bleeding head in her lap.

a sneer. He stripped off a bill and covered the wager.

There was a swift flirt of Savage's wrist and the dice left his fingers in a smooth, even roll. The numerals upturned totaled seven.

"Shooting twenty dollars to you, Mr. Mularkey," Savage crooned.

The boss riveter threw in two more bills.

The dice rolled to the center of the table. The upturned faces of the dice were marked with an ace and a six.

"Shooting forty dollars to you, Mr. Mularkey," intoned Savage.

Mularkey ripped off four bills and tossed them onto the table. Savage picked up the dice and rolled another natural.

"Shooting eighty dollars to you, Mr. Mularkey," repeated Savage sweetly.

Mularkey glared at him across the table, venom gathering behind his pale eyes. Slowly he counted out eighty dollars, hesitated a moment, and then pushed them into the center of the table.

Again the white cubes went tumbling over the blanket and again the numbers on the upturned faces made seven.

Mularkey, eyes aglitter with hate, ripped out an oath.

"Shooting *one hundred and sixty* dollars," Savage chanted. "All or none, Mr. Mularkey." But the boss riveter made no move. Savage clicked the dice in his hand encouragingly, but Mularkey only glared at him like a baffled bull.

"Maybe you'd prefer to play parchesi, Mr. Mularkey," inquired Savage innocently.

Mularkey leaned across the table, his features working.

"If I were you," he said, and his voice carried a deadly threat, "I wouldn't go out on the bridge again. You might fall off."

"Not unless you pushed me, Mr. Mularkey," said Savage cheerily—"from behind."

BACK in the tent that night, Randall Lee Savage and Red Holland talked long into the night.

"So," said Savage, "you fancy yourself as a desperate gambler, eh? A plunger? Why, Red, you aren't a gambler at all. You're just a plain sucker. Mularkey takes you every time you play, doesn't he?"

Red Holland nodded shamefacedly.

"Look," said Savage. Smoothing out the blanket on his cot, he took Red's dice and made a few trial casts. Then, with an expert flip of his wrist, he threw one seven after another. He threw, three out of five times, any point that Red named. Under his swift hand the ivory cubes seemed hypnotized.

Red looked on in amazement.

"I didn't think it could be done, either," Savage said, "until a gambler showed me how.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Photograph of G. V. Harrington, Liberty Distributor at Oakland, California, and his organization of Boy Salesmen—clean cut, happy crowd, isn't it?

This is W. C. Bingham's Liberty Boy Organization at Salt Lake City, Utah—all sizes, all making money.

Read how these Boys make money

It's easy—you can do it too! No money—no experience needed. Work right in your own neighborhood—in spare time. Thousands of Liberty Boy Salesmen now making own spending money. We'll show you how. Send coupon.

Here's a photograph of two Liberty Boy Salesmen. They are Zack Beard of Virginia and Fred De Vechery of Ohio. Only a few months ago they sent in the coupon as shown below. We sent them full details. Then our distributor gladly took them in hand—showed them how to make money the first day, and now, week in and week out, these two little chaps sell several hundred copies of Liberty Magazine every week. Think of it!

But there are many other fellows who sell a larger supply of Liberty magazines every week: Walter Wessel, Jr., of Nebraska; Richard Gumm of Kentucky; LeRoy Cedarquist of Indiana—from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Florida, in small towns and big cities, thousands of happy boys are selling Liberty—all making their own spending money—every week.

Why don't you join them? Send the coupon; you'll be mighty glad you did. We will mail you the official "Liberty Boy Salesman" booklet, which tells just what all the boys are doing, prints their letters and photographs, also tells about special money prizes boys can win. Then we'll assign you to the Liberty distributor in your town. He will smilingly welcome you, give you a carrier bag and magazines free, and instruct you all about making money the first day. You'll be tickled pink after you have become one of the happy Liberty Boys, and will enjoy making money like them, week in and week out—*all year round!* But that's not all.

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Liberty offers more than money. In addition to your regular weekly income, every boy has a chance to get wonderful prizes Free, such as: a full size bicycle, kodak, fishing tackle, baseball suits, mitts, balls, bats, wagons, radios, ukuleles, saxophones, roller skates and many other things—all of the very best make. We couldn't do any more than that could we? Don't hesitate. You don't need one penny to start, no experience either. Don't be bashful. Send the coupon and then meet our distributor. He is always a happy, reliable fellow who likes the boys, helps them make money—a regular friend. Remember, the work is easy; no long hours. You just work after school or on Saturdays. It's really more fun than work. Send the coupon for full details, and the catalog of Free prizes.

Mail this coupon for details

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

Then I used to practice on the bedspread every night till I learned it. Why, Red, you don't know how to pick 'em up or how to roll 'em—or how to bet 'em. I saw you bet as much on ten as you did on six, and yet you ought to know that a ten is a two to one shot and a six is an even money shot. Anyway, your fingers are so thick that you couldn't control the dice.

"Now," said Savage, pressing the roll of bills he had won from Mularkey into his tent mate's hand, "put that in the bank and swear to me that you'll keep out of crap games."

"I'm cured," said Red soberly.

"From now on," said Savage, "you're going to bank your money every Saturday and we're going to spend the evenings studying. We're going to learn all about this business of building bridges, you and I. I'm going to build 'em some day, and you're going to help me. Anyway, Red, you've got to make something of yourself."

"Why?" asked Red, grinning.

"Well, for one thing, Sally loves you."

"You're wrong there; she loves you."

Savage shook his head. "She may think so now, but it's you she really loves. She'd have married you long ago if you hadn't been so wild.

"We're in the same fix, Red!" he mused. "I'm too tame for the girl I love. You're too wild. We've got to make good together. Let's go. What do you say?"

From that night on the two youths toiled side by side, day and night. Savage sent away for text books and together they studied the mathematics and mechanics of bridge building, straining actions, working stresses, piers, abutments, the erection and history of bridges from the time of the first Roman bridge over the Tiber. . . . They talked to the engineers, the draftsmen, the inspectors. Red was fascinated.

BUT if Savage opened up a new world to the young ironworker, Red Holland opened up a new realm to him. On the bridge Red schooled him in all the phases of the structural ironworker's craft. He taught him how to manage the powerful riveting gun and how to drive red hot rivets with unerring precision.

Each day, when Mularkey wasn't about, Red traded places with Savage, taking the bucker-up's job while Savage drove. As a matter of fact, Red's gang "carried" him till he got to be almost as fast with the gun as the redoubtable Red himself.

Once, perched aloft on one of the towers, Savage made out the figures of old Daniel Church and his daughter on the structure below. But he only smiled grimly and cut loose his gun with a mad clatter.

Mularkey was making good his threat. The bridge was no longer safe for the lad who had made a noodle out of him. A heavy wrench, dropped from somewhere up in the towers, hurtled past Savage's ear one day as he walked along the stringers. He never even looked up, but he kept to the center of the bridge thereafter. Another time a blazing rivet missed his head by an inch.

Once a board, cunningly sawed and cunningly placed, gave way beneath his step and started him on a downward plunge into the river below. He heard it crack and plunged himself forward, his outstretched hands reaching for the next steel crosspiece. He caught it and hung on. Then he hooked his knee over it and swung himself up. After that he kept off the plank footpath and jumped from stringer to stringer, as most of the rubber-soled bridgemen did.

"Keep clear," Red counseled him, "and watch where you step. Mularkey's got lots of friends scattered around."

The first direct attack came a week later. The great bridge was now nearing completion, and the riveting gangs raced each other through the long summer days to finish before the wet, windy weather should make their precarious work more perilous.

The mighty wire cables now swung gracefully between the tall towers on either side of the Hudson, and the steel panels of the bridge thrust out over the water from both ends to meet each other. The hoisting engines, atop the structure, were swinging the last of the giant girders up from the barge on the river below.

RED suspected trouble when, unaccountably, a new man was sent up to take the place of his rivet heater. Link, he said shortly, was his name, in response to Red's question. He was a loose, shambling fellow with a crumpled black cap pulled low over his eyes. There was enormous strength hidden in his sloping shoulders and brutality behind his slack lips.

There was grace, too, in the swing of his long arm, as he sent the glowing rivets sailing in a swift red arc into the tin Savage caught them with. Perhaps too swift, thought Savage, as they thudded against the bottom of the can, but they came straight and true, and he liked that. Had he looked at Link more closely he might have seen a wicked smile playing about his mouth after each throw, but he was too absorbed in the rhythm of his job.

Slowly the three members of the gang worked along the top chord of the bridge, edging past a pile of planks which stood waist high on the stringers. But the rivet heater stood fast, apparently not noticing that there was now a wide breach between himself and the "passer," who was Savage. He sent the rivets through the air in long, singing tosses.

"Tell 'im to move up," growled Red, who was operating the gun.

Red saw the danger in that pile of boards between Savage and the new heater, but Savage himself, untutored in the hazards of the business, was unconscious of it.

Things were not long in happening. The next throw was a low one and a fast one. Savage leaned forward, shooting out his tin for the catch. But the rivet never entered. Instead, it grazed the top board, as a tennis ball sometimes grazes the top cord of the net, and took a sharp upward hop.

The bib of Savage's overalls, worn loosely, had fallen away from his chest as he leaned forward. The flaming rivet leaped over his tin, through his arms, and down inside his overalls.

Red screamed a warning. He had seen a red-hot rivet catch in a man's clothes before and sear into his flesh as he clawed frantically at it.

Untrained as he was, Savage's mind leaped instantly to his danger. He didn't move a muscle. He stood, bent half over, rigid as a post. Had he straightened up it would have burned on down through his clothes, searing his flesh as it went. As he stood, it burned out through the bib of his overalls of its own weight, and dropped into the river.

Then he straightened up. "That was a hot one," he said, smiling. But there was no smile behind his eyes. He looked thoughtfully across at the rivet heater. Link coolly returned his look, turned his back, and slipped another rivet into his forge.

The pupils of Savage's eyes narrowed down to mere points and the skin tightened over his jaw.

The next two throws were perfect. Somehow Savage knew that the third was going to be bad before it started. Back of it, somewhere, loomed the sinister figure of the boss riveter. Link swung back his tongs and Savage stood alert with his tin. The rivet had a low, fast trajectory; it skimmed over the boards, seemed about to clear them, then caught the edge of the last one and kicked upward into Savage's face.

It caught him full in the mouth, a heavy, red-hot, six-inch rivet, splitting his lower lip and jarring his teeth.

"You should 'a' seen 'im go," Red said admiringly later on. "He threw one hand up to his mouth to see if his teeth was still there. Then he went after Link. He took that pile of planks in one jump, never takin' his eyes off Link.

"Link seen 'im comin' an' he was ready for 'im. He looked ugly, too, swingin' his tongs. 'Keep away!' he hollered, but the Dook kep' right on a-comin'.

"'Keep away!' he screeched again.

"Just as the Dook stepped up to 'im he lashed out with the tongs. They would 'a' smashed his head if they'd ever 'a' landed. But they never landed. He just dropped his head. That swing carried Link half-ways around. The Dook lets drive with his right hand. Bingo! Right on the jaw!

"Link looked like he was hit with a girder. His head jerked back, and down he came on his face acrost a stringpiece. Well, the boys carried 'im off the bridge, and they tell me he wabbled all over the road when he left camp."

It was Red who faced the boss riveter.

"We got to have another man," he said.

"What end?" asked Mularkey, confidently.

"The fixed end," said Red coolly.

"The hell you do!" snapped the boss riveter. He was heard to curse violently when he learned what had happened to Link.

SINCE the night that Savage had openly defied Mularkey in the recreation room the bridgemen had waited expectantly to see something happen to him. Much as they liked him, they thought it foolhardy of him to contest a point with the boss riveter. He'd killed a couple of men on a bridge out West, it was said, and it was a good idea to keep out of his way.

But the lightning had so far failed to strike. The good-looking youngster still went his buoyant way about the bridge. Among bridgemen, when a man is licked in a fair fight "he don't show up on that job no more." If the boss riveter and Savage ever met, therefore, one or the other of them would not show his face on Bear Mountain Bridge again. Bull Mularkey had much to lose—there was his job, and the revenue from the crap games, and Sally—therefore he moved warily, like a snake.

The long awaited showdown came about with dramatic suddenness one afternoon late in August. It was the afternoon that old Daniel Church was having a stormy session in his private office with his wrathful, flashing-eyed daughter.

"What *did* you say to him that day?" she cried, stamping her tiny, smartly shod foot. "What *could* you have said? He hasn't been near me since! He'll never come to see me again."

Old Daniel Church was sorely beset.

"I—I didn't know how much you cared, honey," he said, humbly.

"Oh, daddy, daddy," Dorothy's head was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

His right fist came leaping forward, whistling forward, singing forward, straight, sweet, and true. There was a brish smack. The boss riveter dived headlong.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

buried on his shoulder, "I can't bear not—ever—to—see him again," she sobbed, unashamed.

Old Daniel tried awkwardly to comfort her. "Never mind, honey, never mind; I'll straighten it out. I'll go up to the bridge and straighten it all out."

"When?" she cried, eagerly.

"Why—why——"

"Now—*now*," Dorothy cried, her eyes wet with tears, "this afternoon!"

"All right, honey." But old Daniel Church's heart was heavy, because he was afraid he *couldn't* straighten it out.

Dorothy dragged him out of the office and bundled him into her roadster. She nosed her car bravely through the whirligig of downtown traffic and out to the Grand Concourse. Not even Daniel Church's chauffeur handled a car as beautifully as did his daughter.

Threading gently in and out, skirting pockets, Dorothy slipped steadily through the stream of automobiles and out onto the Albany Post Road. Once clear, the powerful little roadster, under her sensitive control, flew over the winding highway toward Peekskill.

ABOUT this time Bull Mularkey was speaking in the ear of the hoisting engineer.

"If that lad ever tries to ride steel on this job," he was saying, "spill him off into the river. It'll do him good."

The engineer shook his head.

"Better lay off that boy, Bull," he advised.

The boss riveter snorted his disgust.

"I thought you was a reg'lar," he snarled, and walked off. As if struck with another idea, he stopped and studied the loading crew on the barges on the river below him.

Half an hour later his huge figure was to be seen among them, and he might have been observed talking into the ear of Baldy Winters, the head loader. It was Baldy's eye that centered the points on the steel trusses where the slings were to go. It was Baldy's hands that slipped the big steel hooks around the trusses. In fact, it was Baldy who cradled the big beams in their slings, so beautifully balanced that they tipped not an inch in their long, graceful ride up through space.

For if one of those fifteen-ton girders ever slipped from its sling and came hurtling down two hundred feet it would tear a vast hole in anything beneath it.

Baldy's head was cocked attentively sideways, toward the boss riveter, who spoke earnestly behind his hand. Baldy nodded vigorous assent. The boss riveter turned and walked confidently away.

An hour later Savage was taken off the riveting gang and ordered to report to the barges to help with the loading. He went without question. Aboard the tug on his way out he looked up and saw Bull Mularkey, standing, legs apart like a sailor, on the top chord of the bridge, looking down at him.

Baldy was hooking up the last beam on the barge when the water boy jumped off the tug and went over to Savage.

"The boss riveter wants you to go drivin' again," he said, "fella got hit in the eye with a piece o' steel."

Savage started for the tug, but the captain had already cast off.

"Why'n't you ride up?" queried the boy.

"Sure, ride 'er up," urged one of the loading crew.

Savage hesitated.

"Maybe he's scared o' fallin' off," said Baldy.

Two or three of the crew laughed loudly. Baldy turned his back and adjusted the slings.

But when that girder started on its long, upward flight to the bridge Savage was on it. And, too, when it started up, a blue roadster pulled into the yard at the end of the bridge.

Up, up, up rose the girder, swinging clear of the barge. The men on the bridge looked curiously at the slim figure standing, unsupported, on one end of the rising girder. One of the people who recognized that figure was the girl in the roadster.

No one, except perhaps Baldy, was prepared for what happened. The girder tilted! The right sling slipped!

For a single gasping second it looked to the watchers as if the youth were sliding off into space. But as his feet slipped off the slanting steel he threw his arms around the girder, hanging now from one sling. Fearful lest the slightest movement might dislodge it, the hoisting engineer stopped it in midair.

Slowly and carefully the youth worked his way up toward the sling. But once he reached it he kept right on climbing, climbing till he reached the fall. Straight up the fall he went, hand over hand, to the slender boom of the derrick. Down along the boom he continued, to the bridge.

Then they saw where he was heading. Halfway down the bridge stood Bull Mularkey. There was no doubt now that those two were to meet, to meet on the narrow plank pathway across the steel stringers of the bridge.

Red Holland, watching from the foot of the west tower, started out to help his friend. But he got no more than two steps. A heavy wrench rose and fell and Red went down. Mularkey had friends, too.

In Savage's mind there was but one thought. He was going to knock the boss riveter off the bridge. He was three feet away when Mularkey sprang forward, throwing his great arms about Savage's body and pinning his arms to his side.

They teetered back and forth on the narrow footpath that bridged the network of gaunt steel, Savage fighting like mad to get an arm loose, his ribs nearly cracking under the pressure of Bull's arms.

Gathering his strength, Mularkey threw his adversary from him. Savage fell across a steel crosspiece six feet away. He was back on his feet instantly and on the path. Again the boss riveter charged him, head down, arms outstretched! He offered no vulnerable spot to hit. Savage would only have smashed his hand on the top of his head.

But when Mularkey seized him again Savage hooked the fingers of his left hand around the shoulder strap of the boss riveter's overalls. Bull braced himself, gave a mighty heave, and flung the youth from him.

AN arm's length away Savage fetched up with a violent jerk, a jerk that pulled the boss riveter off his feet. And it brought his head up and back. For a fraction of a second his jaw was exposed. But, for Savage, that was long enough. His right fist came leaping forward, whistling forward, singing forward, straight, sweet, and true.

There was a brisk smack.

The boss riveter dived headlong on his face. His body struck the planking, toppled over, and went spinning grotesquely through the air to the river below.

The tugboat captain fished him out of the river and put him ashore later.

Among those who started out to meet Savage coming in off the bridge was Dorothy Church, closely followed by her father. But she stopped short when a girl with corn colored hair in a short print dress flashed out before them all and threw her arms around his neck. Sally kissed him twice, joyously, exultantly.

Dorothy turned and started slowly back toward the car. Had she stayed a moment longer she might have seen the same girl sitting under the west tower, crying softly and cradling Red Holland's bleeding head in her lap. Had she seen the way Sally looked down at him she might have understood. But she didn't see.

One thing Dorothy Church could not do and that was to leave without saying good-by. She asked one of the men where Mr. Savage lived and when he pointed out the tent she started listlessly for it.

At the entrance she scribbled a short note, folded it, and went inside.

On the wooden stand at the head of a neatly made cot she saw something that made her heart leap. It was a photograph of herself, in a silver frame, she had given him years before.

Then she turned and walked . . . straight into his arms.

THE END

A Judge Who Cut His Own Salary

Diogenes, Legend Tells Us, Went Looking for an Honest Man. Here Is One Who Thinks Taxes Are Too High and Public Officials Get Too Much. So He Has Had One-Tenth of His Pay Removed by Law!

THERE are men who are satisfied to talk about the misfortunes of the farmer—and do nothing. Judge Hubert C. Stratton is not one of them. Not long ago he startled those interested in the trend of the times by reducing his salary, as county judge and surrogate of Chenango County, New York, from five thousand to four thousand five hundred dollars a year.

At that time the Editor of LIBERTY wrote to Judge Stratton inviting him to state his reasons for this step. His answer is such a straight-hitting statement of unselfish citizenship that we are passing it on to our readers.

Judge Stratton's letter is as follows:

Gentlemen: I was appointed county judge and surrogate of Chenango County, New York, on January 1, 1924, by Governor Smith and took office on January 2. I found that the salary for the office, which includes the duty of Children's Court judge, had been fixed, by a recent amendment, at the sum of five thousand dollars. This, I contended, was too large for the amount of work involved and the capacity of the taxpayers of the county.

I went before the board of supervisors and asked that board to pass a resolution requesting the Senator and Assemblyman from this district to have the law amended, reducing the salary from five thousand to four thousand five hundred dollars. After considerable difficulty, this amendment was passed by the Legislature of 1924. I made it effective for the year 1924 by refunding five hundred dollars of my salary. Beginning with the first of January, 1925, the salary is fixed by law at the sum of four thousand five hundred dollars.

I asked this reduction for two reasons. First, because the work and time involved did not justify the larger amount. Secondly, and more particularly, because the substantial taxation upon farmers who comprise the greater part of the population has been almost destructive.

Since the World War it seems as though the authorities who have the spending of public money have become financially intoxicated—are appropriating money right and left to increase salaries and pay for a great many office-holders not really necessary for the public welfare. Many burdens have been created. Almost all of the public officials have been grabbing for compensation beyond the ability of the people to pay without suffering.

In one of the towns of this county, during the spring of 1924, I found that nearly fifty per cent of the farms had been abandoned, and that about a quarter of the acreage of that town had been sold for taxes. During the last fall, and at the present time, I have known of a great many farmers who were obliged to sell their stock and cattle in order to meet the increased burden of taxation.

The spirit of greed and a desire to get all the compensation possible without rendering adequate service is, in my judgment, one of the serious ills of our time. I think it safe to say that twenty per cent of the farms in this county have been practically abandoned. I am satisfied that a larger percentage, though under thrifty and frugal management, do not produce income enough to pay taxes.

I know, personally, of many farms which are being rented, provided the tenant will pay the taxes. In such cases the owner gets no return for the use of the land.

The difficulty, in my judgment, is an unfair adjustment of compensation between different classes of workers. In some cases wages and compensation are enormously high, while the farming class is working for nothing. Before we can get substantial prosperity in this country, the compensation and wages which enter into the cost of the things the farmer buys will either have to be reduced or produce will have to be increased. A less patient class of workers than the New York farmers would, in my judgment, be in a state of revolution.

Excessive taxation is due, in part, to state taxes, but largely, so far as the farmers are concerned, to excessive appropriations for local expenditures.

These are, in brief, some of the reasons why I think salaries of public officials should be adjusted according to the public's ability to pay.

Very truly yours,

HUBERT C. STRATTON.

STEAM AS A LEAVENING AGENT

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Cream puffs are leavened by steam rather than air. The eggs, therefore, are added unbeaten and only one at a time, so as to facilitate a thorough blending via the beating process.

When the cream puffs are baked, slit at one side to make an outlet for the steam, as otherwise it will condense and make the inside of the puff wet. Fill, when cooled, with any desired filling and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

When the batter is thoroughly mixed drop it by tablespoonfuls on an oiled baking sheet or inverted tin. Bake in a very hot oven for 20 minutes, then in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

STEAM is a very effective means of leavening, though its use is limited to the leavening of batters. That delectable blown ball known as the cream puff and that beautifully glazed empty shell called the popover owe their characteristic central hollows to the force of steam. The popover pops over! The cream puff puffs up! This does not occur mysteriously, mind you, but of necessity when the right wet mixture or batter (one part liquid to one part flour) is put into a very hot oven. The intense heat of the oven crusts the batter quickly, the moisture within is as readily heated and turned into steam which, in turn, forces the batter up—the popovers pop and the cream puffs puff.

If this intense heat, so necessary at first, be continued throughout the baking, the puffs will be burned to a crisp before drying out in the center. Further baking in a moderately slow oven, however, evaporates the steam and dries out the tender shell crust to insure a puffy structure in the finished product. This structure will collapse as the steam cools unless it is thoroughly fixed by slow baking before removal from the oven. For this reason, once they are fully expanded, continue baking the puffs in a slow oven.

Learn to control and regulate this unique type of baking and you may with a few simple mixing processes and a meager expenditure of time (for really, cream puff mixtures are quite speedily made) prepare an excellent foundation for a great variety of services. See recipes given herewith.

Popovers

1 cup milk
⅞ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg

GREASE earthenware, glass, cast aluminum, or iron muffin pans and place them in the oven to be heated very hot. Melt the butter, add it to the milk and slightly beaten egg. Add the liquid mixture to the sifted dry ingredients and beat with an egg beater until the batter is perfectly smooth. Pour into the hot muffin pans, filling each form two-thirds full (this is important, as enough batter should be used so that it will rise to the top of the form and pop over). Bake until thoroughly puffed (about ten to fifteen minutes) in a very hot oven (470° F.) and continue to bake twenty-five to thirty-five minutes more in a moderate oven (375° F.) until thoroughly baked or set. Remove from the oven. Slit each popover at one side and serve while hot, as a bread, or cool and fill with cream or lemon filling. For variation a piece of fruit, apple, peach, or some berries may be dropped into each popover before putting them into the oven. This type makes a nice luncheon service.

Cream Puffs

1 cup water
¼ or ⅓ or ½ cup butter or butter substitute
1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 or 3 or 4 eggs

ADD the fat to the water and heat until it comes to a boil. Add all of the flour and salt *at once*. Mix thoroughly by beating. When the mixture is smooth, cook and stir until the ingredients are well blended and do not stick to the sides of the pan when being stirred. (Be sure not to cook the mixture too long as the fat separates on overcooking and then the puffs will not be successful.) While the mixture is still hot, beat in the unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating until thoroughly blended before adding a second and third. Drop by tablespoonfuls on an oiled baking sheet or inverted tin. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for twenty minutes, or until they are thoroughly puffed, and then reduce to a slow oven (325° F.) until the puffs are thoroughly dried out and cooked—about twenty-five minutes. Remove from the oven and slit at one side to make an outlet for any remaining steam. Otherwise it will condense and make the inside wet. Fill when cooled with any desired filling. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Cream Filling

2 cups scalded milk
¼ cup flour
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 or 2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup whipped cream (if desired)

MIX the flour, sugar, salt, and cornstarch thoroughly. Slowly stir in the hot milk. When well mixed, cook over water and stir until the mixture thickens. Cover and cook fifteen to twenty minutes longer, to cook the starch thoroughly. Add the butter. Remove from the hot water and mix in the beaten egg gradually, stirring vigorously to avoid lumps. Cook again over water until the egg is thickened. Cool, add flavoring, and whipped cream, if used.

CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING may be made by increasing the sugar to one cup and adding two tablespoons cocoa to the sugar, flour, and cornstarch mixture.

Chocolate Eclairs

ECLAIRS are made by dropping the cream puff dough in an elongated shape on the greased tin and proceeding as for cream puffs. While the baked eclairs are hot, spread with powdered sugar icing.

Chocolate Icing

½ cup of confectioner's sugar
1½ tablespoons cocoa
Few grains of salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon hot water

MIX the dry ingredients and add the liquids. Mix until smooth and use on warm cakes or eclairs.

Fruit Filling

1 pint whipped cream
1 tablespoon of granulated gelatine
½ cup fruit juice
½ to 1 cup of crushed fruit, as pineapple, strawberries, etc.
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt

MIX the gelatine, fruit juice, and crushed fruit. Heat over water until the gelatine is dissolved. Then remove from the hot water, add the sugar and salt and stir until they are dissolved. When the gelatine mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the whipped cream and mix until thoroughly blended.

CREAMED CHICKEN or VEAL may be served in cream puff shells in place of pattie shells.

Creamed Chicken or Veal

1½ cups cubed, cooked meat
1½ cups of thin white sauce, or
1½ cups cream, seasoned

CUT the meat in one-inch cubes, using only the white meat if a delicate product is desired. Add the chicken to the hot sauce and beat thoroughly. Serve hot, garnished with parsley and pimento.

VARIATIONS may be made by adding one-half to one cup green peas or cooked, diced celery; one cup mushrooms chopped and sauted for five minutes in one tablespoon butter, one-fourth cup of shredded pimento, or one-half cup chopped, hard-cooked eggs. These may be used in any desired combination.

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